The Illustrious and Renown'd

HISTORY

Of the Seven

Famous CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.

In Three Parts.

Containing their honourable Births, Victories and noble Atchievements by Sea and Land in divers strange Countries; their Combats with Giants, Monsters; wonderful Adventures, Fortunes and Misfortunes in Desarts, Wildernesses, inchanted Castles; their Conquests of Empires, Kingdoms, relieving distressed Ladies, with their faithful Loves to them; the Honours they won in Tilts and Turnaments; and Success against the Enemies of Christendom.

Also with the heroick Adventures of St. George's three Sons.

Together with the Manner of their untimely Deaths, and how they came to be stiled Saints and Champions of Christendom.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE:

READER,

IN this famous History you will find such excellent Passages of true Knighthood, and Feats of Arms, mixt with other rare and pleasing Adventures, that no HISTORY is furnished with: The subject Matter has been so universally accepted and applauded among all Sorts of People in the *Four united Kingdoms*, that it needs no strained *Rhetorick* or *Encomium* to set it off; or recommend it to the World. The Method is plain and easy, suited to the meanest Capacity, to inrich the Fancy, as well as to

divert the Learned; for in the Variety of Paſſages herein mentioned: *Honour*, *Juſtice*, *Love*, and *Compaſſion* to the *Diſtreſſed*, are ſo twined and interwoven, as to make up a flouriſhing Garland of deſirable Virtues, to adorn the Minds of thoſe that are Admirers of them; ſo that in the Search of many large Hiſtories of this Kind, that is not to be found in VOLUMES, which is here briefly comprized. In one Senſe it cannot fail to ſtir up and inſpire Heroick Souls to the Enterprizing great and noble Exploits and Undertakings, to crown their Memories in after Ages, nor to be a Pattern to guide them in the Steps of thoſe who for *Conſtancy*, *Chaſtity*, and all other winning Graces, have rendered (eſpecially) the fair Sex, famous and worthy of Eſteem.

To Conclude, It is a Garden of Delight, out of which may be gathered a POISE to delight and improve the Underſtanding, and refreſh the Memory, in the Knowledge of Things paſt; live

lively describing famous Cities, Monuments, Princes Courts, Countries, and other Things, as well as Battles and glorious Atchievments, *&c.* That it must of Necessity be Pleasant to the Reader, to whose judicious Perusal, as likewise Well-wisher, I recommend it.

A short Poem on the Work.

THe Christian Champion's Glory we proclaim,
Who thro' all Dangers bravely follow'd Fame;
In foreign Lands their Countries did Renown,
Made Pagans stoop, and brav'd each Tyrant's Frown.
To the Distressed Friends they always stood,
And glory'd only in their doing Good.
No Carpet-Knights they were, but of true Mould,
Out-shin'd in Steel those that now boast of Gold;
True worth their Names eternally make live,
Whilst Kings their Badges as choice Honours give,
Worn by Nobles, and each Country's proud,
They as their titular Patrons are allow'd,
Whilst to their Festivals with Joy they crowd.

The

The most Illustrious

HISTORY

Of the Seven

Champions of *Christendom*.

The First Part.

CHAP. I.

The Parentage and Birth of St. George, *and how he was stoln away by an Inchantress.*

NOT long after the Destruction of *Troy*, sprung up the seven Wonders of the World, the seven Champions of *Christendom*: St. *George* for *England*, St. *Dennis* for *France*, St. *James* for *Spain*,

St. *Andrew* for *Scotland*, St. *Anthony* for *Italy*, St. *Patrick* for *Ireland*, and St. *David* for *Wales*: St. *George* was born in the City of *Coventry*, and for his magnanimous Deeds of Arms in foreign Adventures, had the Title given him of, *The Valiant Knight St.* George *of* England; whose Golden Garter is ſtill worn by Kings, Princes, and Noblemen, in Memory of his many Victories. When his Mother was conceived of him, ſhe dreamed ſhe was with Child of a Dragon, which ſhould be the Cauſe of her Death; which Dream ſhe concealed till her painful Burden grew ſo heavy, her Womb was not able to bear it; ſo that at length ſhe revealed it to her Huſband, who was then Lord Steward of *England*. This doleful Dream ſtruck ſuch Terror into her Huſband's Heart, that he was ſpeechleſs; but recovering, he aſſured her that he would try the utmoſt that Art and Nature could do, to find out the Meaning of this Dream; and taking only one Knight with him, goes to the ſolitary Walks of *Calyb*, the wiſe Lady of the Woods, and taking a Lamb to offer Sacrifice to the Inchantreſs with them; they came to an Iron-gate, whereon hung a brazen Horn for them to Wind, that would ſpeak with the Inchantreſs; they firſt offered the Lamb with great Devotion before the Iron-gate, and then without any Fear they blew the brazen Horn, the Sound whereof made the Earth to tremble; after which they heard a terrible Voice out of the Earth, uttering theſe Words following:

Sir Knight be gone, and mark me well,
Within the Lady's Womb doth dwell
A Son, who like a Dragon fierce,
His Mother's tender Womb shall pierce:
A valiant Champion he shall be
In noble Acts, and Chivalry.
Be gone, I now bid you adieu;
You'll find what I have told is True.

This dark Riddle being thrice repeated, so amazed them, that they thought to wind the Horn the second Time, to know the Meaning of it; but not daring to venture, they left the Inchanted Cave. In the mean Time, the Lady had such a bitter Labour, that either she or the Child must Perish; upon which she for the Good of her Country, was content her tender Womb should be opened, that the Child might be taken out alive; so being cast into a dead Sleep, the Operation was made: He had on his Breast the lively Picture of a Dragon, a blood Red Cross on his right Hand, and a gold Garter on his left Leg; they named him *George*, and provided him three Nurses, one to give him Suck, another to keep him Asleep, and the third to provide him Food: Soon after his Birth, the Inchantress *Calyb*, stole the Infant from the careless Nurses; the noble Lord now returning, met with the doleful Tydings of the Death of his Lady, and the Loss of his Son; he was extreamly grieved with these two lamentable Misfortunes, and sent Messengers to all Countries, to find out his Son, but could hear

no

no Tale nor Tydings of him, which ſoon brought him to his Grave.

The Witch *Calyb* had detained St. *George* in her Cave, fourteen Years, and at length fell in Love with him, which he declined, his Mind being ſet upon martial Adventures; Nevertheleſs hoping to obtain his Liberty, if in caſe ſhe made him Maſter of all that inchanted Place, he ſeemed willing, and wound himſelf in by Degrees to have her yield all her Power over unto him; which ſhe willingly did, and he intreating her to tell him his Birth, his Name and Parentage: Thou art, quoth ſhe, by Birth, Son to the Lord *Albert*, High Steward of *England*, and from thy Birth to this Day, have I kept thee as my Child, and my Virginity for thee; ſo taking him by the Hand, ſhe led him into a brazen Caſtle, wherein remained ſix of the braveſt Knights of the World: Theſe are, ſaid ſhe, ſix worthy Champions of *Chriſtendom*; the firſt is St. *Dennis* of *France*, the ſecond St. *James* of *Spain*, the third St. *Anthony* of *Italy*, the fourth St. *Andrew* of *Scotland*, the fifth St. *Patrick* of *Ireland*, the ſixth St. *David* of *Wales*, and thou art born to be the ſeventh, thy Name being St. *George* of *England*, for ſo ſhalt thou be called in Time to come; then taking him by the Hand, ſhe led him into a fair large Room, where ſtood Seven of the goodlieſt Steeds that ever Eye beheld; Six of theſe, ſaith ſhe, belong to theſe ſix Knights, and the ſeventh will I beſtow upon thee, whoſe Name is *Bucephalus*, the Name of *Alexander*'s great Horſe. Moreover, ſhe led him into another Room, wherein was the richeſt

ſt Armour in the World; ſo chooſing out the ſtrongeſt Corſlet from the Armory, ſhe with her own Hands buckled it about his Breaſt, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a rich Capaſon, then fetched forth a huge Faulchion, and put on his Hand: Now, quoth ſhe, thou art invincible, never to be conquer'd, for now haſt thou the ſtrongeſt Armour in the World, and a Sword ſhall cut the hardeſt Flint aſunder. Thus being blinded with her own Luſt, ſhe put a ſilver Wand in his Hand, which wrought her own Deſtruction; for then had he Power of all the Inchanted Wood; ſo as they were walking along by a mighty Rock, which the Knight perceiving, ſtruck with the ſilver Wand, ſo that the Rock opened, and there did he ſee before his Eyes a Number of little Infants which ſhe had murdered by her Iuchantment: St. *George*, quoth ſhe, I will ſhew thee more than this, if thou wilt follow me; ſo ſtepping in, he with his inchanted Wand ſtruck the Rock again, and the Rock cloſed her in, and there was the End of that famous Inchantreſs, where we will leave her to the Fury of the Devils, and ſpeak more of St. *George*, who releaſed the ſix Champions out of Captivity; they giving him many Thanks, went with him to ſeek their Fortunes, whoſe matchleſs Deeds ſhall be ſhewed in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How St. George *killed the burning Dragon in* Egypt, *and redeemed* Sabra *the King's Daughter from Death: How he was betrayed by the King of* Morocco, *and sent to the Soldan of* Persia, *where he slew two Lions, and remained seven Years in Prison.*

SOon after the seven Champions departed from the inchanted Cave of *Calyb*, they stayed a while in the City of *Coventry*; in which time they erected a stately Monument in Honour of St. *George*'s Mother; and so in the Beginning of the Spring, they took their Leaves one of another, and went every one a several Way to seek their Fortunes; where we shall leave the six Champions to their contented Travels, and wholly Discourse of our Country Man, the Chief

Chief of them, St. *George* of *England*; who travelled till he came into the Territories of *Egypt*, where he met a poor Hermit; St. *George* demanded of him, where he might have Lodging for himself, and Stable-room for his Horse. Sir Knight, quoth the old Hermit, you seem by your Habiliments to be an *English* Man, for I perceive the Arms of *England* Engraven upon your Armour; Sir, I pity you, you are as far from having Relief here, as you are in Distance from your own Country, by reason of a fiery Dragon, which every Day devours a Virgin; and in case he miss of one but one Day, then doth he send forth such an infectious Plague among us, that the People die so fast, that the Living can scarce bury the Dead; and hath destroyed all the Virgins in the Land, but the King's Daughter, and she is to be sent to morrow Morning to be devoured by this fiery Dragon; now the King hath made Proclamation through all his Realm, That if any Knight were so hardy as to encounter with this Dragon, and kill him, he shall have his Daughter in Marriage, and the Crown after his Decease. Upon hearing of which, St. *George* resolved to venture his own Life, to set the Lady free; intreating the old Man to give him leave to lodge that Night in his Cave, and next Morning he would be ready for the Encounter; the old Man overcome with Joy, had him to his Cave, and kindly entertained him with such homely Fare as he had; Next Morning St. *George* mounted on his Steed, took his Leave of the good old Hermit, who remained in his Cave to pray for

the

the good Success of St. *George*; who now is posting away to encounter with the fiery Dragon; where, upon the Way he overtakes the woful Virgin, (the King's Daughter) acompanied with a Number of sorrowful Matrons, bewailing her unfortunate Fate; St. *George* Comforts them up with these Words:

Fair Princess, and ye Matrons all,
Refrain, and mourn no more;
For by the fiery Dragon's Fall,
Your Freedom I'll restore:
The Dragon is your Enemy,
I'll quickly end the Strife;
I'll clip his Wings, he shall not fly
Or George *shall end his Life.*

The Princess beholding St. *George*'s Courage, admired that he, being a Stranger, should adventure himself for her Sake, when the stoutest Champions in all *Egypt* durst not:

Sir Knight, I give you Thanks, quoth she,
That undertakes this Fight;
And since it is for Love of me,
The King shall you requite:
And if you perish in this Thing,
The which you take in Hand,
Next comes the Daughter of a King,
As well you understand:
Go forth and prosper, worthy Knight,
And leave me sore perplext;
If you miscarry in the Fight;
Then I must be the next.

St. *George* kissed the Princess's Hand, and vowed to free her, or lose his Life, intreating the Company to conduct her to her Father's Palace, till they heard further.

Now is St. *George* entred the Valley, and coming next to the Cave, the Dragon espy'd him, and sent forth such a terrible Bellowing, as if all the Devils in Hell had been present. St. *George* was never a whit daunted, but spurred his Horse, and run outragiously at him; but his Scales being harder than any Brass, he shivered his Spear in a thousand Pieces, and withal smote St. *George* so hard with his Wings and Tail, that he struck him down from his Horse, and bruised him sore. St. *George* then was forced to draw his Sword, where began a most terrible Fight between him and the Dragon, and the good Knight was almost poysoned with the Breath of the Dragon, so that he was forced to retire; and spying a Fruit which no venemous Thing durst come near, eat of the said Fruit, and recovered again, and then with manly Courage assaulted the Dragon in such Sort, that he felled him under his Horse's Feet: The Dragon recovering himself, lifted up his Wings as if he intended to fly away, which St. *George* noting, and espying a bare Place under the Dragon's Wings, runs his Sword up to the Hilt, which so pierced his Heart, that with a terrible Noise he breathed out his last Breath, and yielded his Life to the Conqueror: St. *George* smote off his Head, and set it on a piece of the Spear he broke against the Dragon, then gave God Thanks, and marched

marched towards King *Ptolemy*'s Court, but adverse Fortune crossed his Purpose; for instead of ringing of Bells, and entertaining of him as a Royal Champion, for freeing their Country from that destroying Monster, he beheld certain armed Men marching towards him with their Swords drawn; for *Almindor*, King of *Morocco*, had hired twelve Men in Arms to surprize St. *George*, he having a great Mind to *Sabra* the King's Daughter, and fearing St. *George* would obtain her before him, therefore intended to make him away before he came to the Court with his Dragon's Head; but never was it known that ever Treachery did ever prosper: As for St. *George*, he behaved himself so gallantly, that he vanquished all his Enemies in little Space, which when the King of *Morocco* perceived, for he was not far off, he ran to the King of *Egypt*, and told him the Enemy of his Country was destroyed, but never told him of his own Treachery against the Champion: But when the King heard of the destroying the Dragon, he rejoyced greatly, and commanded them to ring the Bells, and make Bonefires, and entertain the Champion with great Joy and Gladness; which was done accordingly. Now when St. *George* came to the Court, the King did welcome him with great Banquetings, Tilts, and Turnaments, especially the Princess, who then did place her Love upon him so fervently, that all the World could not remove it. Now it was the Order of the Court, to present rich Gifts to those of Rank and Quality; now the Princess presented him with her

own

wn Hand, a Diamond of great Worth, which e wore on his Finger, ſet in a Ring of Gold. low the King of *Morocco* (that implacable De- l) envying the Happineſs of St. *George*, ſought ſecond Time to make him away by Poyſon; hich he conveyed into a Cup of *Greek* Wine, nd preſented it to St. *George*, in token of Love, hen he meant nothing leſs than his Deſtructi- n: But no ſooner had he the Cup in his Hand, ut the Diamond waxed Pale, and three Drops f Blood fell from his Noſe; whereupon St. *eorge* refuſed to drink; and the Princeſs, who ved him as ſhe loved herſelf, cry'd out, Trea- on, Treaſon: But the King of *Egypt*, her Fa- her, would believe nothing againſt the King of *Morocco*, ſo greatly did he Love and Dote upon im, which made him the Bolder to attempt hy thing againſt St. *George*; inſomuch that he ent to the King, and informed him, that St. *George* was a Chriſtian, and one that was an E- nemy to their Religion: Which when the King heard, he ſwore by all his Gods, that he ſhould die the Death, forgetting the ſaving of his Daughter's Life, and the freeing of his Country from utter Deſtruction. Moreover, the Black King of *Morocco* told him, that he went about o perſuade his Daughter to turn Chriſtian, which made the King to be the more enraged; whereupon he wrote a Letter to the Soldan of *Perſia*, and ſealed with the Arms of the Nation, that he ſhould make St. *George* away, for he was an Enemy to their Religion, and to their Gods; and when he had done, he ſent St. *George* with his own Deſtruction, and gave him a great

Charge

Charge to deliver it to the Soldan of *Persia*, for it was a matter of great Concernment: St. *George* thinking it an Honour to go on such a Message, went, good Knight, like a Lamb to the Slaughter. No sooner was he arrived in *Persia*, but he espied some of the Temples open, into which he went, and cast down all their images, and trod them under Foot; insomuch that the People of the Country arose in great Numbers to take St. *George*, and carry him to the Soldan of *Persia*, as an Enemy to their Religion: But St. *George* did lay about him so, for the Honour of God and *Christendom*, that in one Day he slew above five hundred *Persians*; so that they were fain to fire ther Beacons, and raise all the Country before they could take him. So when they had taken him, they brought him before the Soldan, and inform'd him what he had done; who swore by all his Gods, that he should dye the cruellest Death that ever could be invented: St. *George*, nothing at all daunted, told him he could do more than God gave him leave; and told him moreover, he had a Letter to deliver to him from *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*; which when he had read, he was more enraged than he was before, and commanded his Guard to take him, and cast him into a deep Dungeon, where he should behold no Light, until the Day of Execution. After he had been there three Days, some of the inraged *Persians*, let down two great Lions, which had not eat any thing for the space of fourteen Days: When St. *George* heard the roaring of the Lions, he began to think with himself what he might do to save

ve his Life, when on a sudden he broke his Cords that bound his Arms, and stepping aside, e trod upon an old rusty Sword, which he took p, and behaved himself so valiantly, that he illed both the Lions; which when the Soldan eard, he was much terrified, and said he would eep him there still, lest he should destroy the whole Nation: So St. *George* lived there full seven Years on Rats and Mice, and such like Vermine as the Prison did afford: In the mean ime, *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*, forced fair *Sabra*, gainst her Mind, to marry the King of *Morocco*, whom she hated as she hated the Devil, being the professed Enemy of her beloved St. *George* of *England*. But she had vowed the King of *Morocco* should never spoil her of her Virginity; and to that Purpose she went to a Negromancer, and asked his Council therein, who gave her this Advice; to take a Chain of Gold, and let it lye seven Days in Dragon's Milk, and seven Days in Tyger's Blood, and so put it about your Neck, and so long as she wears that Chain, no Man shall have Power to take her Virginity from her; which she did, and so preserved her Virginity for her *English* Champion, who (under GOD) preserved her from the fiery Dragon of *Egypt*.

Now leave we fair *Sabra* with her Black King of *Morocco*, and her beloved English *George* in the dark Dungeon, and now speak something of the other Champions, who were divided into several Parts of the World; and first of the noble Champion St. *Dennis* of *France*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How St. Dennis *of* France *lived seven Year in the Shape of a Hart; how proud* Eglantine, *the King's Daughter of* Thessaly, *was transformed into a Mulberry-tree, and how they both recovered their Shapes by the means of St.* Dennis *his Horse.*

FAir *Eglantine*, Daughter to the King of *Thessaly*, for her Pride was transformed into a Mulberry-tree, in the Wilderness of *Arabia*, and it was St. *Dennis*'s Fortune to travel through that unhappy Place, where this unfortunate Lady was transformed into a Mulberry-tree, and being almost starved, was forced to eat Roots or any wild Fruit he could find; and wandring about this Desart, at length he came to the Mulberry-tree, where beholding some Fruit

t, began to eat; and he no sooner had tasted of these Berries, but he was translated into a Hart, where beholding himself in a Spring, he began to bewail his Misfortune in this Manner:

I was a Man that Fame did gain,
But now a Hart in Show;
When I shall be a Man again,
Alas! I do not know.

The Voice in the Mulberry-tree.

Be patient now, brave Knight, said she,
Thy Case is just like mine:
But you and I shall one Day see
Our Honours both to shine.

Seven Years thou shalt continue so,
Hunger increase thy Woes;
At length thou shalt end all thy Woe,
By eating of a Rose.

When he had heard this Voice, he stood much amazed, and speechless for Sorow, considering how long a Time it would be ere he should return again to the Society of Men: But his Speech getting Utterance, he thus bewailed his Misfortune:

O wretched Creature, and Miserable I (said he) How am I confined in this solitary Place, exposed to Hardship and Danger in the Shape of a Beast; and subject to many Misfortunes more than I yet know? Accursed was the Time I wandred to this unlucky Place, to be scorch-

ed

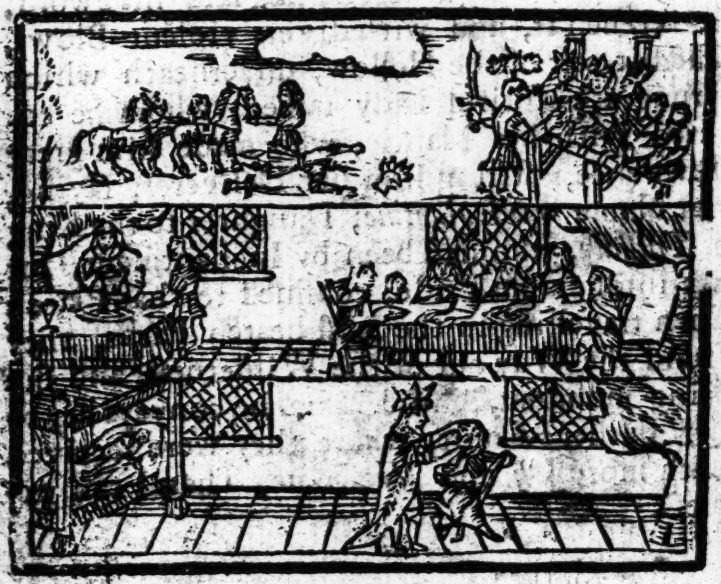
ed by the Sun's Beams in Summer, and wet with Showers, and in Winter to have Snow my Covering, and no human Food to sustain me. Upon this Tears burst from his Eyes, and Sighs from his Afflected Breast; yet so inchanted he was, that he could not remove from thence, nor cared he much to endeavour it, till his proper Shape returned, lest he should fall as a Prey to common Hunters, which he remembred once was *Acteon*'s Fate, so transformed by *Diana*, for presuming to see her Bathing naked in a christal Fountain: And it more likewise grieved him that he could not be in Arms to succour distressed Ladies, and rid the World of Oppressors and Tyrants; yet was he compelled to bear all with as much Patience, as his Fortitude could arm him with. All this while his gallant Steed never left him, but grazed near him, and simpathized with his Master's Sorrow, and brought him Boughs, which he had plucked from the spreading Trees with his Teeth, to make him a Shelter; and thus it passed with him till seven Summers and Winters had passed over his Head; then one Morning as he was praying to Heaven for Mercy and Deliverance, he perceived at a Distance his Horse labouring to clamber up a Steep Rock, and having stayed a while there, he descended with a Branch of a Rose-tree, on which were three Roses of *Jerusalem*; he had no sooner brought it to him, but he remembred the Voice in the Mulberry-tree, whereupon he greedily eat one of them, and reserved the other for fear the like Danger might befal him, or any of the Champions in other Places.

He had no sooner digested it, but his Hair fell off, and he assumed his manly Shape, finding himself exceedingly refreshed.

Upon this, he heard the Voice as of a Woman weeping in the Hole of the Tree, intreating him to cut down the Tree, and deliver her, for now the Time was accomplished: With that, remembring where he had laid his Sword, he fetched it, and with divers violent Blows, felled it out of the Hollow, underneath which sprung a beautiful Lady naked, whom he covered with his Mantle, who made him great Reverence, stiling him her Deliverer, saying, Her Name was *Eglantine*, Daughter to the King of *Thessaly*, who had been by Inchantment, for her intollerable Pride, confined to that Place: Then travelling in the most beaten Paths, they found the Way out of the Wilderness, and she being mounted behind him, he conveys her to her Father's Court, where they were received with more Joy and Welcome, Than I can express.

CHAP. IV.

How St. James, *the Champion of* Spain, *continued Seven Years Dumb for the Love of a fair* Jew; *and how he should have been shot to Death by the Maidens of* Jeruſalem; *With other Things that happened in his Travels.*



NOw St. *James* was minded to travel to *Jeruſalem*, and paſſing over the Confines of *Sicily*, near the burning Lake, had a moſt terrible Battle with a fiery Drake, for ſeven Days and ſeven Nights; and then paſſed through *Cappadocia*, then through a Wilderneſs of Monſters, at length at the Sight of fair *Jeruſalem*, which appeared in his Sight the faireſt City in the World, inhabited by *Jews*; Juſt at the Time of his arrival, the King of the Country, with all his

his Knight at Arms, prepared themselves for Hunting; for the Country at that Time was much annoyed with wild Beasts, as Lions, Bears, Tygers, and such like; the Trumpets sounding before them in such Manner, which made the *Spanish* Champion amazed; and wondering what the Meaning should be, enquired of a Shepherd, who told him, that the King, and all his Nobles were intended that Day to hunt, the Country being much annoyed with wild Beasts; and the King had made Proclamation, That whosoever killed the first Boar, should have a great Reward. Away rid St. *James*, and was in the Forest be-

fore them all, and by that Time the King came he had killed the greatest Boar that ever mortal Man beheld, who lived in a Cave upon the Flesh of People which he had slain; the King said he deserved the Reward; but withal de-

manded what Country Man he was, and of what Religion: St. *James* said he was a *Spaniard* by Birth, and a Christian by Profession. When the King heard that, he was Wroth, and said thus unto him: Presumptuous Christian, didst thou never hear of the Laws and Customs of our Nation, that what Christian soever dares approach into our Confines, shall straitway be put to Death? Yer in regard thou hast done good Service for our Country, in destroying this wild Boar, thou shalt have the Favour to chuse thine own Death. St. *James* admiring that he should he so ill rewarded for his good Service, yet seeing it was their Law, and the King's Pleasure it should be so, he chose to be shot to Death with Arrows by the Hands of a Virgin: Divers Virgins were sent for, who seeing St. *James* bound fast to a Tree, with his Breast naked to receive the shaft, beholding also his comely Shape, and considering what good he had done for their Country, in killing the wild Boar that had destroyed so many, utterly refused the same: Insomuch, that the King commanded that they should cast Lots, and on whom the Lot fell, she should be his Executioner; Lots were made, and the Lot fell upon the King's own Daughter, the fair Princess, whose name was *Cele*, who no sooner beheld his manly and admirable Beauty, but Love seizing her tender Breast, she cast the Bow and Arrow out of her Hand, and falling on her Knees before her Father, begged for his Life in these Terms:

Great

Great Sir, if ever Pity moved your Breast, behold with Compassion the Tears of your most obedient Daughter on her bended Knees, and grant my Request.

What is it? (said he)

Ah! reply'd she, that this worthy Champion, this Man, whose Fame is spoken of loud through the World, may not be basely slain: How ingrateful it will be in the Eats of all Nations, when it is told you have murdered so brave a Knight, who had ventred his Life in rescuing your Country from its bloody Enemy:

Well, said the King, since you have interceeded for him, I cannot deny his Life to your Tears: But this is an unalterable Decree, That he be banished the Territories of *India*, as an Enemy to our Religion, and shall surely dye, if ever he return again.

At this she was exceeding sad, but could no further prevail: So rising, she went and unbound him with her fair Hands, saying, Most noble Knight, I have gained your Life and Liberty, yet cannot prevail that you may stay in this Land, though I most earnestly desire your Company; since in your Absence I must be as one banished, without Peace or Rest. Let my Blushes excuse me when I tell you I love you; and let not the Forwardness of a Virgin make you the less value her who can no longer stifle her Passion.

The noble Knight received the Knowledge of her Love in the most obliging Terms; being at the same Time struck with the like Passion for her; He kissed her fair Hand, stiling her his

Deliverer, vowing her perpetual Love and Constancy, promising, though now her Father's ridged and unjust Sentence forced him away, he would e're long return and convey her to her Country: So with a tender Kiss, she slipp'd a Diamond Ring on his Finger, they parted, not without Tears in their Eyes.

The *Spanish* Champion riding some Miles, alighted to rest himself on the Edge of a Forest, and there began to think his Honour would suffer through imputed Fear, in his so tamely leaving his lovely Princess; wherefore he resolved to return to the Court in Disguise, and that his Speech should not betray him, to feign himself Dumb. This he put in Practice, and was in Disguise of an *Indian*, received into the King's Service; the Princess, for the noble Spirit she saw in him, though in that Disguise she knew him not, appointed him her Champion in all Cases; when so it happened, that *Nabuzaradan*, King of *Arabia*, and the Calif of *Babylon*, came to Court, where both fell desperately in Love with her, striving with Musick and Singing who should get most into her Favour, when coming, make their Presents, which were very Rich; St. *James* making his likewise, as being one amongst them, slipt the Diamond Ring into her Hand, which knowing, she retir'd to her Chamber, and sent for him, where he discovered himself, to her great Joy; so it was contrived between them, whilst the Court was busy in Revelling, to make their Escape; which they did on swift Horses that Night, and after long Travel, to their high Satisfaction they arrived safely in *Spain*.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How St. Anthony *slew a Giant, and releas'd many Ladies out of Captivity: How St.* Andrew *travelled into a Vale of walking Spirits: How St.* Patrick *redeemed six* Thracian *Ladies from thirty Satyrs, and of their Travel to find out the Champion of* Scotland: *How St.* David *slew the Count* Palatine, *and how he was sent to the inchanted Garden of* Ormondine, *where he slept seven Years, and was redeemed by St.* George.

BEcause I would willingly return to St. *George*, our Country Man, I will tell you briefly the Fortunes and Adventures of the rest of the Christian Champions; and first of the noble Champion St. *Anthony* of *Italy*.

After his Passage through many dangerous Places, he came to the Top of a mighty Moun-

tain, whereon ſtood a Caſtle; within this Caſtle remained a Giant, who for Strength no Man durſt encounter: This Giant kept within his Caſtle the ſeven Daughters of the King of *Thracia*, where of Six of them were transformed into Swans, with Crowns upon their Heads, becauſe they would not yield to the Luſt of the Giant, the other remained with him, to play and ſing him aſleep. This great Giant St. *Anthony* ſlew, and left the Caſtle to them, whereby their Father, the King, might have acceſs unto them, as you ſhall hear hereafter.

The famous Champion St. *Andrew* of *Scotland*, travelled through a Vale of walking Spirits, moſt fearful to behold, and had not ſeen the Light of the Sun in ſeven Days, nor yet the Light of the Moon by Night, but was only guided by a walking Fire till he came to a Caſtle, before which Caſtle lay the Giant which St. *Anthony* ſlew, his Fleſh rent and torn by wild Foxes, Crows and ſuch like. The Champion St. *Anthony* entered the Caſtle, where he found the King of *Thracia*, bewailing his Daughters ill Fortune, with many of his Nobility with him, calling upon their Gods in behalf of his Daughters; which when St. *Andrew* ſaw, he ſmiled, and ſaid unto the King, If you will believe in the Chriſtians God, and call upon him with me, your Daughters ſhall be reſtored to their former Shapes again. No ſooner had he ſpoke, but they all drew their Swords, and ran upon him all together, inſomuch that they put St. *Andrew* hardly to it; nevertheleſs after a very hot Diſpute, St. *Andrew* overcame them

them, and the King himſelf lay at his Mercy, who preſently turned Chriſtian, he and all his Followers; ſo calling upon the **Lord of Hoſt**, ſuddenly the King of *Thracia*'s Daughters were reſtored again to their former Shapes, being more beautiful than ever they were before; which Mercy when the King ſaw, he continued a Chriſtian to his dying Day. But when the King and his Daughters came to Court, all their Joy was turned into Sorrow; for the Champion of *Italy*, who ſlew the Giant, had ſtole away the King's Daughter, fair *Roſſalinde*, ſo all the Land was up in Arms in Purſuit of him; which when St. *Andrew* of *Scotland* underſtood, he departed privately, and the King's Daughters underſtanding that he was gone, travelled after him, as knowing under God that he was the Cauſe of their Delivery out of Bondage.

Theſe ſix Daughters of the King of *Thracia* travelled till they came to *Ireland*, hoping to find the Champion of *Scotland*, but inſtead of finding him, they met with thirty wild and cruel Satyrs, who haled them through Woods and Groves, and tore and rent them in ſuch a grievous Sort, that forced them to cry out in a moſt lamentable Manner, ſo that the Woods and all the Country did ring of their pitiful Cries. St. *Patrick*, who all this while was wandring about the Country, hearing of theſe fearful Cries, ſtood a while amazed, and drawing his Sword, ran up to the Top of a high Hill, where he beheld a lamentable Spectacle, thirty terrible Satyrs with Clubs on their Shoulders,

dragging these fair Ladies by the Hair of the Head, who resolving to free them or lose his Life, he went forwards towards them, in this Manner: Ladies, quoth he, be of good Comfort, for I intend, if God be so pleased, to free you; whereupon he let fly at them in such sort, that he slew the Chiefest of them, which made all the rest to take their Heels and run away:

St. *Patrick* demanded of those Virgins what they were, who told him that they were the King of *Tibracia*'s Daughters, and how they were for seven Years kept in Captivity by a mighty Giant, and transformed into Swans by *Diana* the Goddess of Chastity, to keep and preserve them from the insatiable Lust of the Giant, and how their eldest Sister remained a pure Virgin with the

the Giant, until St. *Anthony* of *Italy* came and ſlew the Giant, freed their Siſter, and carried her to the Court to their Father, who with a great Number of Knights came to ſee them, and bewailed their ſad Condition, who were all ſwimming in a Pond in the Shape of Swans, with Crowns of Gold upon their Heads, to ſhew they were the Daughters of a King: Our Father's Tears prevailed not, nor the Prayers of all that were with him, who prayed for us to their *Pagan* Gods, until the Chriſtian Champion, St. *Andrew*, came by, who ſeeing the dead Body of the Giant, not knowing who ſlew him, ventured into the Caſtle, where beholding our Father with all his Knights, weeping and wailing, and praying to their *Pagan* Gods, began to laugh them to Scorn, and wiſhed them to call upon the God of the Chriſtians, and he would warrant them that we ſhould be reſtored to our priſtine Shape again. He no ſooner had ſaid theſe Words, but my Father gave Command to all his Knights of Arms to fall upon him and kill him; but he behaved himſelf in ſuch a gallant Manner, that he worſted them all, and the King our Father lay at his Mercy, who preſently turned Chriſtian with all his Knights, who calling upon the Chriſtians God, we were all reſtored to our former Shapes again. But all their Joy was turned into Sorrow, by reaſon the Champion of *Italy*, who ſlew the Giant, and freed my Siſter, and ſtole her away in my Father's Abſence. When St. *Patrick* heard this, he ſaid, worthy Ladies, theſe two Champions are my Friends, whom I have not ſeen theſe

seven Years; as for St. *Andrew* of *Scotland*, whom you seek, I will accompany you in the Search of him.----- Where we will leave them, and speak something of St. *David*, the Champion of *Wales*.

St. *David* of *Wales* travelling to the Emperor's Court of *Tartary*, performed such gallant Deeds of Service, that the Emperor made him his chief Champion; whereupon a festival Day, the Emperor desirous of Sport, caused Tilt and Turnament to be used. Now St. *David* being the Emperor's Champion, entred the List first; so the Emperor's Son, being Count *Pallatine*, ambitious of Honour, came straightway to answer him, and performed honourable Deeds against St. *David* the Champion of *Wales*; for the first Encounter he had almost thrown him off his Horse, but the next turn St. *David* threw both Horse and Man to the Ground, where the Emperor's Son, the Count *Pallatine*, was so bruised with the Fall, that in short time after he died, which so enraged the Emperor, that he plotted all he could to make him away; nevertheless he being well beloved of all the Court, the Emperor could not without loss of Honour do it, only in regard St. *David* was his Champion, he sent him to the inchanted Garden, to bring him the Head of *Ormandine* the Enchanter; St. *David* durst refuse nothing the Emperor injoyn'd him to, so he went with an undaunted Courage, and found a Sword fastned to a Rock, upon the Pummel thereof was written, *He that can pull me out, shall Conquer all*; St. *David* assaild to do it, but being not able, fell fast

laſt aſleep for the ſpace of ſeven Years till St *George*, as you ſhall hear, at laſt came by the Inchanted Garden, pulled out the Sword, and freed St. *David*; for by that means the Inchanter died, and the inchanted Garden vaniſht.

CHAP. VI.

How St. George *eſcaped out of Priſon at* Perſia, *and how he redeemed the Champion of* Wales *from his Inchantment.*

VAliant and Noble-minded St. *George* enduring a ſeven Years Impriſonment in a dark and deep Dungeon, and almoſt famiſhed, was now a weary of his Life, where wandring about the Dungeon, he at laſt eſpyed a Croe of Iron, ſo he with this Engine made his way through the

the Dungeon into the Middle of the *Perſian's* Court; it was now about Midnight, the Moon ſhined bright, and all the Court at reſt, only ſome Grooms, which were making ready the Soldan's Horſes to ride a Hunting the next Morning; St. *George* underſtanding of this, takes the Croe of Iron and kills all the Grooms, and takes the beſt Horſe in the Stable, and armed himſelf with the Soldan's own Armour, with his Sword, withal taking a Coal he writes over the Soldan's Chamber, after he had killed his Guard, theſe Words following:

Soldan farewel, for George *is fled,*
Whilſt thou lieſt ſleeping in thy Bed.

Away rides St. *George*, and coming to the City Gates, calls to the Porter in this Manner: Porter, open the Gates, for St. *George* is eſcaped out of Priſon, and killed all the Soldan's Grooms, and all the City is in purſuit of him; the Porter believed him, opened the Gate, and away rid St. *George*. Next Morning all the Country, by the Soldan's Command, was in Purſuit of St. *George*; but he had got out of the Confines of *Perſia*, and in the Sight of *Grecia*, which when they perceived, they left the Purſuit, and returned back with great Shame and Horror. Now is St. *George* in the Confines of *Grecia*, and almoſt in as bad a Caſe for the want of Victuals, as he was in the Dungeon; at laſt he came to a great Caſtle, where ſtood a moſt gallant Lady; St. *George* demanded ſome Relief of her in the Way of his Travels; but ſhe

an-

anſwered him with a frowning Look, that her Huſband was a mighty Giant, and willed him to begone, leſt if he come out he ſhould cruſh him to pieces. St. *George* told her, he never was yet daunted by Giant or Monſter, and he had rather die in Fight, than die with Hunger; no ſooner had he ſaid theſe Words, but the Giant came forth of the Caſtle with a ſtaring Countenance, more like a Devil than a Man: But it was ſo, that between St. *George* and the Giant was a moſt fierce and cruel Combate; but the Weather being extream hot, and the Giant fat, the

Sweat ran down his Face ſo faſt, that it blinded him, whereby he could not ſee to ward the *Blows* St. *George* gave him, ſo that he was conſtrained to let fall his Club, and St. *George* with his Sword clove his Head in ſunder; ſo entring the Caſtle, refreſhed himſelf and his Horſe, and ſo depart-

ed

ed through the Confines of *Grecia* into *Phrygia*, and at laſt came to the inchanted Garden of *Ormendine*, where the Champion of *Wales* continued ſleeping for the ſpace of ſeven Years. But when St. *George* beheld the inchanted Sword he aſſailed to pull it out of the Rock, and pulled it out with eaſe; ſo that the inchanted Garden vaniſht, and the Inchanter *Ormondine*, delivered to St. *George*, St. *David* the Champion of *Wales*. Then they viewed the Strangeneſs of the Place, and began to Enquire of *Ormondine*, how he came to undertake this way of living; whereupon Tears ſtanding in his Eyes, he fetched a deep Sigh, and ſaid, I was, when Fortune pleaſed, the King of *Scythia*, living in great Pleaſure and Plenty, having by my Wife two very beautiful Daughters, the Elder named *Caſtria*, with the Brightneſs of her Beauty ſo charmed *Floridon*, Son to the King of *Armenia*, that he ſought all manner of Ways to gain her Love; but not finding her ſo pliable as he wiſhed; he reſolved however at any Hazard to enjoy her; ſo bribing her Maid with a great Sum, ſhe conveyed him into her Chamber in the Night, where he had his wicked Deſire of her, with Vows and Proteſtations to become her Huſband: But when her Womb began to ſwell, and ſhe claimed his Promiſe, he with reproachful Words denyed it, and utterly refuſed to make her his Wife; and under-hand courted my younger Daughter *Marcilla*, upon whom not being able to gain his Ends, as he did on the Former, he married her. This ſo inraged *Caſtria*, that ſince ſhe could no more enjoy him,

that

hat had dishonoured her, she resolv'd her ister should have no Sweets of conjugal Dalli-nces with him.

And as it is the Custom of *Scythia*, for a Maid o keep her Virginity the first Night after she is narried; she possessed her Sister with a Fear that he *Armenian* Prince, eager of Enjoyment, would not withstanding come to Bed to her in he Dark, and divest her of her Virginity, if none lay with her to keep him from it; offer-ng withal herself to be the Person; which *Mar-illa* kindly accepted; yet no sooner was they laid n Bed, beautiful as an Angel, but the revenge-ul *Castria*, with a Dagger she had concealed in er Bosom, stabbed her between her two ivory Breasts; and being asked what she meant by that Cruelty to one that had been so kind a Sister to er, and never disobliged her? She showed her Womb, and discovered the Author of her Shame, which now she no longer resolved to bear with any longer, but with the yet reeking bloody Dagger, she stabbed herself, and both of hem breathed out their Souls at ōnce: And to ill up the Tragedy, *Floridon* coming next Morn-ng to look for his fair Bride, and finding her overed with her own Blood, and her Sister dead y her Side, he concluded his unconstant Love had been the Cause of it, and after great La-ments, he killed himself with the same Dagger.

These Misfortunes, continued *Orraundine*, possessed me so with Grief, that I left all Soci-ty, and raising this Place by my Magick Art, continued in it till now the Inchantments escap-d here. And when this was done, the Furies

fetched

fetched the Inchanter *Ormondine* away with such a terrible Noise, that scared St. *George* and St. *David*, the two stout Champions of *Christendom*, and glad they were gone from among those terrible Devils.

After St. *David* had given St. *George* many Thanks, they departed one from another; St. *David* to the *Tartarian* Court, where by Oath he was bound to bring News from the inchanted Garden, and St. *George* to *Barbary*.

CHAP. VII.

How St. George *arrived at* Tripoly *in* Barbary; *how he stole away* Sabra, *the King of* Egypt's *Daughter, from the King of* Morocco; *how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the Means of Lions: how he arrived at the Emperor of* Greece's *Court. Met there the six Champions, and of their Exploits and Entertainment.*

ST. *George* no sooner entred into the Confines of *Barbary*, but he met with an old Hermit, with whom he had some Conference, and after he understood by the Hermit where the Court stood, as also how the King of *Morocco* was gone a Hunting with all his Lords; he thought it now or never to be the Time to release his fair *Sabra* out of the Hands of his professed Enemy the King of *Morocco*: and to that Purpose disarmed himself, leaving his Arms and Horse with a Box of rich Jewels with the old Hermit, and slipping on the old Hermit's Gown, took his

s Journey to the Court, where he beheld a umber of Palmers ſtanding at the Court-gate; e demanded of them what they ſtood there r; to whom they replied, They ſtood for an lms, which was given every Day by the Hand the good Queen, in Memory of the Engliſh hampion St. *George*. Which when St. *George* eard, the Tears ſtood in his Eyes, and turning imſelf about, he at length beheld the Joy of is Heart coming forth to deliver her Alms to he Palmers, asking them if they had not known r heard of St. *George* of *England*.

At length coming to St. *George* himſelf, he elivered the Ring that ſhe gave him privately, y which means ſhe knew him, and taking im by the Hand, led him into the Hall where hey both wept for Joy, ſhe never expecting to ee him again: Now my *George*, ſaid ſhe, if ver thou wilt free me it muſt be now, the ime ſo convenient, the black King of *Morocco*, my forced Husband, being rid out a Hunting, whom I hate like the Devil, and none left at Home but one Blackamoor, which ſhall go along with us to attend on us; ſo ſaying, ſhe pulled off his Gown, and put on his own Armour, and girt his Sword by his Side, and mounted him upon his own Steed, snd the Moor helping her up behind St. *George*, they poſted away as faſt as they could, paſſing through Woods, Deſarts, and many dangerous Places among the Wild Beaſts; at length, through Hunger, St. *George* was forced to alight from his Horſe, and helped the Lady down, leaving her in Cuſtody with the Moor, while he went to try his Fortune

with

with his Sword in his Hand, to get ſome Food to keep them alive, for they were like to periſh for want of Victuals, ſo it was his Fortune to kill a Deer, and brought a Haunch of Veniſon upon the Point of his Sword. But when he came, he found the Moor torn in Pieces with two Lions, and the Lions faſt aſleep, lying with their Heads in fair *Sabra*'s Lap, whereby

he knew ſhe was a pure Virgin, and ſtanding in Amaze, not knowing what to do, at laſt reſolved to ſet upon them, they being aſleep, leſt if they ſhould wake, he might indanger his Life, ſo ſtepping to them, he ran them through and ſlew them. Then after they had given God Thanks, St. *George* having a Fire-lock in his Pocket, kindled a Fire with Brambles, and dreſſed their Veniſon and eat it.

So

So when they had well dined, St. *George* said o *Sabra*, Now my *Sabra*, I know thou art a ure Virgin, otherwise the Lions would have estroyed thee, as they did the Moor: But by hat Means thou hast kept thy Virginity, I now not.

Then know worthy *George*, (said she) after was forced by my Father to marry with the King of *Morocco*, whom I loathed; I vowed to eep my Virginity from him, and preserve it or thee, or live and die a Maid, and to that End asked Council of a learned Doctor, who adised me to steep my Chain of Gold, which I ear about my Neck, in Tyger's Blood and Dragon's Milk seven Days together, and all the hile I wore it, no Man should have Power to b me of my Virginity, which I made Tryal ; and behold though I lay with the King of *Morocco*, my Husband Night by Night, he had o Power to meddle with me, so I remain still Virgin, and have kept my Virginity for St. *eorge* of *England*.

When she had so said, they took Horse and parted, riding through many vast Countries nd Desarts, without meeting any Adventures, ll passing an Arm of the Sea, to hinder any rther Pursuit, they safely arrived in the erritories of *Grecia*: There being well reeshed by a courteous Hermit, they underood that the Emperor of *Greece*, kept his royal uptial in the City of *Constantinople*, being late married to a beautiful Princess; so that beg desirous to see the Custom of strange Courts,

they

they resorted thither in Hopes to get Shippin for *England*.

Here they found Ladies and Knights of mo Christian Nations, whom the Fame of the ro al Nuptials, and their own Curiosity, h brought them thither: And here, by good Fo tune the seven Champions, who had been long parted, by taking divers Ways at the Br zen Pillar, and run so many hazardous Adve tures, met again, bringing many of them the Ladies with them: But above all, the Beau of fair *Sabra* was exceedingly admired, eve one confessing the Sun never in all his Trave round the World, saw so bright a Lady; n was she only beautiful, but Humble and M dest in her Carriage and Behaviour; so that entertain her and the rest, new Tilts, Turn ments, Masks, Dancing, Bulls, and Jests we held for many Days, to their wonderful Co tentment and Recreation. And here it was t renowned Champions took every one his Da to maintain the Combat against all Opp nents, doing such Wonders by overthrowi the strongest Knights of *Greece*, *Hungary*, *B hemia*, and others, who resorted thither brake a Launce in Honour of their Ladies, th they acquired to themselves Trophies of n nown and immortal Fame: Above all whic St. *George*, who maintained the last Day, i ing out of his Pavilion, which every one them had erected very stately, according to t Manner of their Country, to distinguish the from other Knights, mounted on a Sable c lour'd Steed, in Trappings of burnished Gold, h

F

orhead beautified with a purple Plume of Fea-
hers, ſpangled with Gold, and Pendents of
old, his Armour of *Lydian* Steel, ſhining
ke Silver, his Helmet beſet with Pearl and
aſper-ſtones, with a Tablet of Gold hanging at
is Breaſt, wherein was engraven a Silver Lion
Rampant, crowned with Gold in a Field of
Gules; in his Helmet he wore a Wreath of his
Lady's Hair, and her Glove, to ſhow he would
maintain her to be the Faireſt on Earth, againſt
ll that ſhould dare to Contradict it: Whilſt ſhe
at in a triumphant Charriot of Ivory, inlayed
with golden Roſes, to be Spectators of his he-
oick Actions, which were ſo extraordinary,
hat they took from the reſt much of the Ap-
lauſe and Honour that had been given to
hem by the ſhouting Multitude, overthrow-
ng Horſe and Man, till at laſt, ſcarcely ſup-
oſing him to be Mortal, he was left alone in
he Liſt, none daring further to Encounter him;
Whereupon an Oaken Garland, like a Crown,
was placed on his Head by the Heralds, in
Token of Victory; whilſt his bright Lady
greatly rejoyced among the Trumpets ſound, to
ee that the moſt valiant Knight in the World
was fallen to her, whom ſhe prized above Em-
perors, Kings, and all the Potentates of the
Earth.

Night being come, and the ſeven Days ap-
pointed juſt ended, after a ſumptuous Enter-
tainment, the Knights reſted their weary
Limbs on their Ladies ſoft Boſoms, ſolacing in
ſuch Raptures of Pleaſure, that no Pen can ex-
preſs; ſo drawing the Curtains, and leaving
them

them infolded in each others loving Arms, I conclude this Chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Pagan *Princes Confederated to War against* Christendom; *and how the seven Champions departing, raised mighty Forces in their own Countries, and arrived in the Bay of* Portugal, *choosing St.* George *their General.*

WE find by sundry Instances, that Excess of Joy and Pleasure rarely continues long; Fortune envies it, and sends crosses and unexpected Accidents to allay them with *Disappointments* and Bitterness; so it happened in this Case, for when they had the Possession of all that was lovely and dear to them, and supposed to be arrived at the safe Harbour of true Con-

tent,

ent, Peace, and Reſt, a Storm aroſe that drove hem again into a hazardous and dangerous ea: The *Pagan* Princes, and others, whoſe Daughters had followed the noble Champions or the true Love they bore them, and for other Diſappointments they had given them, incenſd thereto by *Almidore*, King of *Morocco*, for the Loſs of fair *Sabra*, confederated together, and denounced a dreadful War againſt all *Chriſtendom*; and hearing the Seven Champions were heir Heralds with Defiance, and many proud Threats; reckoning up the Injuries they alledgd they had ſuſtained; wrongfully taxing them vith the Raviſhment of their Daughters, deroying their People, and as Chriſtians, utter nemies to their Country, which in a full Aſmbly they pronounced; which mighty Prearations ſo terrified the *Greek* Emperor, that e fearing the Waſting of his Country, which he *Pagan* Potentates moſtly bordered on, that e deſired the Champions to retire from his Court with all ſpeed, and ſent Ambaſſadors to nake a Peace for himſelf, with the Soldan of *Perſia*, the Kings of *Theſs*, *Tartary*, *Egypt*, *Morocco*, *Jeruſalem*, and other far commanding Monarchs of *Aſia* and *Africa*. Yet the renownd St. *George*, before his Departure, returned his Anſwer to the Heralds.

Barbarians,

'KNow that your Threats of War can in n
manner terrifie the noble Courage o
' the Christians; we could Justifie and Di
' prove what ever is laid to our Charge; bu
' scorning to condescend so low, lest it shoul
' be taken for a Treaty, or Fear; go tell you
' proud and injurious Masters, That since the
' so much delight in Blood and Treachery, th
' Scourge of War is the fittest Instrument t
' Chastize them: And since they desire it, w
' will bring it like a raging Torrent, not onl
' to their City Walls, but the Gates of thei
' Palace; Fire and Dissolation shall lay thei
' Countries Wast: The Christians Banner sha
' be planted in their proudest Towns; thei
' Crowns shall stoop to the Cross, whilst wad
' ing through Seas of their Subjects Blood, an
' clambring over Piles, Heaps of the Slain, w
' tumble them from their Thrones.

This said, with a vehement Anger, he staye
for no Reply; but turning his Back, he wi
the rest of the Champions, and their Ladie
left the City, and held a Consult in a neigh
bouring Forest; it was agreed every one shoul
repair to his own Country, and make Intere
to raise Forces to repel the threatning Storm
and living or dying, Immortalize their Name
in the Defence of their Religion and Honou
This Resolve drew pearly Tears from th
bright Eyes of the tender-hearted Ladies, t
think after so many Dangers and Difficultie
the

they muſt again part with their Lords they ſo dearly loved, to run new Hazards, and ſtand the chance of ſo dreadful a War: But concluding their Honours were engaged, and that they could not ſtand Idle, but in the hazarding the Loſs of all *Chriſtendom*, they dryed up the precious Dew, and ſeemed contented to leave the Event of their Safeties to Fate and Chance.

By this Time the Heroick Knights, whom no Danger could ſhake, having appointed the Bay of *Portugal* to be the general Rendevouze, for all the *Europian* Forces, went into their ſeveral Countries, where their Fame being ſufficiently rumoured by their reſpective Kings and Princes, with great Honours and Triumphs, as the only Miracles of Valour and true Knighthood: The general Joy on their returning Home was no ſooner abated, but they declared the Cauſe of their ſo ſpeedy Return; which was ſo highly approved both by the Kings and People, ſo that ſetting up their Standards, Forces came armed and well appointed in ſuch Numbers upon the Beat of Drum, and Sound of Trumpet, as well Nobles, as Plebeans, that by the Spring they had finiſhed their Complements; and with gallant Fleets and Armies, the greateſt that ever *Europe* had ſeen, they arrived ſafe at the appointed Haven: St. *George* with a hundred Thouſand valiant Archers, Spears, and Men at Arms, being the firſt that landed, covering the affrighted Shores with his Multitude. The reſt of the Champions brought a proportionable Number, according to the Largeneſs and Populouſneſs of their Countries,

all well appointed, and richly furnish'd, so that the whole Number amounted to upwards of five hundred Thousand; having with them Treasure sufficient, and other Necessaries for the War, both for the Field, Fight, and battering Cities, Towns, and Castles. And there erecting a royal Pavilion, they elected by one Consent, St. *George*, General of this great Army, whose Banner was the bloody Cross, his Men wearing the like on their Breasts, to denote that they fought in the Christian Cause, and for it valued no Cross, Misfortunes, no, nor the hazard of their Lives; whereupon, mounting on a Throne, and assembling all the Leaders, he made the following Speech to encourage them:

Renowned Warriers.

"*Europe*'s chief Boast and Glory, you are now called together to assert the Cause of *CHRIST*, and the Honour of the Christian Religion, against the bloody *Pagans* and *Infidels*, who defie not only Us, but the *KING* of *HEAVEN*, whose Battles we have undertaken to fight, that we may Chastize their Insolencies, and proud Blasphemings, so that Living, or Dying, you may hope to be Happy: Then be of couragious Hearts, and let our Enemies see what we dare do, and what Folly they have committed in provoking us to Anger. As for me, though now your General, you shall always find me as much exposed to Danger, as the meanest Soldier. March bravely on then, and let us meet them

in

'in their own Land, and make their Countries 'the Seat of War and Desolation.

This Speech ended, a universal Shout ensued, and they cryed, as with one Voice, *Lead us against them.*

CHAP. IX.

How the Pagan Princes pitched their Tents in Hungary, *to War against* Christendom; *of the bloody Dissension that fell amongst them: Barbary subdued by the Christians, and* Almidore, *the black King, taken and put to Death, &c.*

THe *Pagans* all this while were not slow in raising the Power of their Countries, and long Marches came to their appointed Ran-

devouze in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, whose huge Multitude soon devoured up all the pleasant Things in that rich and fertil Kingdom, being about eight hundred Thousand, gathered up in 52 various Kingdoms; threatning no less than Destruction to all *Europe*, and flattering themselves to return Laden with the wealthy Spoils of many Kings and Princes: But GOD, who *Disposes*, when Man *Proposes*, prevented it, as in the Sequel will appear.

No sooner were all the Forces expected arrived, but they appointed a Day for chusing a General, when such a Spirit of Division was sent amongst them, every Nation striving to promote their own King to that Dignity, and Confusion a while reigning among the common Soldiers, at length Discontent and Discord happened among the Leaders, so that many bloody Blows and dangerous Frays enfued, so that agreeing to nothing, the Soldan of *Persia*, the Kings of *Egypt*, *Jerusalem*, and many Others drew off their Forces, and returned to their own Country; greatly repenting they had undertaken so Vain an Enterprize. Nor did those that stayed by *Almidor*'s Persuasions, long agree, but dividing into Parties, drew out and fought a dreadful Battle among themselves, which lasted three Days, with such dreadful Slaughter, that the Ditches were filled with Blood, and the Fields and Lanes heaped up with dead Bodies; the Towns were sacked and fired, Virgins and Matrons ravished, and ripped up alive, Children tossed on Spears, and dashed against the Pavements, hoary Hairs set weltering in Blood: In fine, they not only de-

ſtroyed one another, but made ſuch a woful Deſolation in the Kingdom of *Hungary*, that the like has never been known before nor ſince, ſo that for many Years after, it was ſcarcely inhabited with any Thing but wild Beaſts.

However, *Almidore*, whoſe Party proved the ſtrongeſt, and now moſt of the other Leaders being dead, was made General, rallied his own Men, and ſuch as had fled and ſcattered from the Battle; and finding them too Weak to perform what he deſigned on the Chriſtians, he took up his Standard, and marched into his own Country, whither St. *George*, who had heard the Diſaſter, and his Flight, was got before to intercept him; and having taken many of his Towns, he forced him to a Battle, wherein, after a long and bloody Fight, (for the Moors fought obſtinately for their King, often

throwing themſelves between him and Death, to the Loſs of their own Lives) he was taken Priſoner by St. *George*, who had lay'd Heaps of

Slain about him: And hereupon his Men at a Diſtance ſeeing his Standard beaten down, and fancying no leſs than that he was taken or ſlain, fled in all Parts, throwing away their Arms, ſo that in the Purſuit, the Fields were covered with their dead Bodies.

The treacherous *Almidore* being now in the Power of him, whoſe Life he had ſought in *Egypt*, by ſending armed Knights to deſtroy him, when he was coming to the Court with the Dragon's Head, and had been the Contriver of his Impriſonment ſeven Years in the *Perſian* Dungeon, and in the mean while robbed him of his Heart's Delight, the beautious *Sabra*, he thought he could after ſuch Injuries, expect no Mercy from the injured Perſon; yet hearing he was to be thrown into a Cauldron of melted Lead and Sulphur, the Terribleneſs of the Death ſo ſtartled him, that coming to approach it, and ſeeing the molten Subſtance ſpark like the Flames of Hell; he began to uſe all his cunning Inſinuation, and wonted Flattery, to eſcape the Danger, offering a Ranſom of Gold, Jewels, Silks, Spices, *&c.* ſo great, that his whole Kingdom, had it been ſold, could not have purchaſed them: But this, and all other Proffers were refuſed by the injured Champion, unleſs he would Renounce his falſe Gods, *Termagant*, and *Mahomet*; which he utterly refuſing to do, as alſo to turn Chriſtian, and perſuade his People to be Baptized, and embrace the Chriſtian Faith; the Sentence, (with a ſolemn Pomp, his Nobles attending in mourning Robes, and many Virgins decked with *Cyprus* Gar-

Garlands, and in mourning Veſtments) was put in Execution: Whereat ſome of his Subjects killed themſelves to accompany him to the other World, as is the Cuſtom of the Country. But the greater Part rejoyced to be rid of a Tyrant, who had done them ſo many grievous Outrages by taking from them their Wives and Daughters at his Pleaſure, to ſatiate his Luſt; ſo that the Nobles came and preſented the Engliſh Champion with the Crown of that Kingdom, placing it upon his Head, with much Royalty and Feaſting, delivering him all the other regal Ornaments; when having taken an Oath of them to turn Chriſtians, he delivered the Government into the Hands of Twelve of the chief of them, to keep it in his Name, and be kind to all Strangers, Chriſtians that come into it to dwell, or paſs through it.

Theſe, and many other Articles being ſolemnly ſworn to, he left a few Forces in the Cities of *Tripoly* and *Morocco*, with the ſick and wounded Soldiers, marching with the reſt againſt *Ptolomy*, King of *Egypt*, to revenge the Injury he had done him.

The Moors no ſooner perceived the main Forces were with-drawn, but breaking their Oaths, they burnt the ſick and wounded Soldiers alive in a Monaſtery, and covered their Aſhes with Dung, renounced their late Baptiſm, returned to the worſhip of their Idol Gods, and maſſacred all the Chriſtians they found in the Kingdom, in a moſt barbarous and inhumane Manner, daſhing out their Brains, burning and ripping them up alive; and amongſt others,

they seized in *Tripoly* an *English* Merchant, his Wife and six Children, and because the Woman struggled with the Moor that would have ravished her before her Husband's Face, and vowed to kill herself, if he desisted not; he to induce her to yield more patiently to his Lust, stabbed all her Children one after another at different Times, before her's and her Husband's Face, then baked them in Pyes, setting them before them to eat, or starve; which horrid Spectacle made them both dye of Grief; whereupon they threw their Bodies on a Rock to be devoured by the Fowls of the Air, but the Sun dissolved them, and the next Year a Bower of Roses sprung up in the Place.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

How the seven Champions arriving in Egypt *with their Armies, found the People every where fled; how* Ptolomy *the King humbled himself, and was pardoned; and of the heavy News St.* George *heard of* Sabra, *with* Ptolomy's *Death, &c.*

THE Army, as I have said, marching from *Barbary* and passing peaceably through many Countries of *Africa* (who freely opened their Gates, and received them Friendly, providing them store of Provision, and what else they wanted by the Way, yet more out of Fear than Love) they arrived in the Confines of *Egypt*, but could perceive no Preparations for War, so that entering a good Way, they found the Villages deserted, and the City-gates wide open

open, in which were none but a few aged and diſeaſed People, uncapable of removing thence.

At this they wondred; but the wary General conſidered this might be a Stratagem to catch them in an Ambuſh, whilſt they were ſtraggling to gather the Plunder; where, upon Pain of Death, he charged none to ſtir out of his Rank, but to have their Arms always in a Readineſs for Fear of a Surprize; and ſo they marched on, leaving Heaps of Gold and Silver, and other rich Things in the Cities untouched behind them: They marched on till they came within Sight of *Ptolomy*'s Palace, on whoſe glittering Spires, St. *George* no ſooner caſting his Eyes, but he burned with Anger, to think on the Indignities and Treacheries, that had been there put upon him, for the worthy Setvice he had done the King and Kingdom, making a ſolemn Vow to lay it in Ruins as low as the Duſt; exciting his Soldiers Fury by repeating the Wrongs he had received, to turn it into Rubbiſh by Flame, or any other Means, and not to leave one Stone upon another: And now being within Bow-ſhot of it, whilſt he was ordering and preparing for the Aſſault, contrary to his Expectation, the Gates flew open, and the King of *Egypt*, attired in deep Mourning, attended with the chief of his Nobles in the like Weeds, came a ſolemn Pace towards him; after them followed the choiceſt Soldiers of the Kingdom, with broken Swords and Launces, their Shields hanging on their Backs; theſe were ſucceeded by a thouſand Women and Children, with *Cyprus* Wreaths on their Heads, denoting their di-

distressed Condition, and Olive-branches in their Hands, denoting they sued for Peace: When they came near the Champions, who stood at the Head of their Army to expect them, they fell on their Knees, and made a lamentable Cry, begging Mercy; whilst the King in this manner spoke for himself and the rest:

Worthy Knights,

'WHose Arms are always Victorious, behold a King kneeling, who never bowed before to mortal Man, and pity his Distress: I am constrained with Shame to confess I have wronged this noble Champion of *England*, who deserved better at my Hands; but alas! I was over-persuaded to it by the *Morocco* King and did not well know what I did, he so blinded my discerning Faculties with Insinuation and Flattery, inculcating so many groundless Fears and Jealousies of our Religion, and the safety of my Kingdom, that it gained too much Credit with me; but now I Repent with Tears that ever I listened to him; therefore forget and forgive what I have done; spare but my Country from the devouring Sword, and as for myself, deal with me as you please; and this I conjure you, most noble St. *George* of *England*, by all the Love you profess and bare to my Daughter, whom you have in your Possession; so shall the Blessing of that God you adore, ever unite your Hearts, and make you lastingly Happy.

He

He would have proceeded, but a Flood of Tears ſtopped his utterance; which low Submiſſion, and his hoary Hairs ſo moved the noble Champion to pity him, that, contrary to his firſt Reſolve, he not only relented, but raiſing the King from his Knees, embraced him, and freely forgave the Offences he had done againſt him, on Condition that he and all his People became Chriſtians. This he willingly conſented to; and moreover, intituled the rich Kingdom of *Egypt* upon St. *George* and *Sabra*, to be entirely theirs after his Death; ſo that the Mourning of the Land was hereupon turned into Joy and Songs, Muſick and Feaſting was every where, and the Face of Things ſeemed ſo altered, that nothing could expreſs more Satisfaction.

But during the Time of this Rejoycing, as St. *George* was about to march into *Perſia*, to revenge his Impriſonment on the Soldan, a Knight came riding up to him, almoſt ſpent and faint with haſt and long Journeys, deſiring to ſpeak with him in Private; and he knowing by his Speech that Knight was of *England*, he readily conſented to it.

As ſoon as they were retired, and the Knight had recovered his Breath, he began his woful Story in this Manner:

I come, ſaid he, to bring you News of Heavineſs and Sorrow; even that which has caſt a melancholy Cloud of Sadneſs over the whole *Engliſh* Nation, and will no doubt touch your Heart nearer than any other; Your fair and vir-

virtuous *Sabra*, whom upon your Departure you left at *Coventry*, is Condemned to die.

How! ſaid St. *George*; trembling and ſtarting back in an Amaze; what Wickedneſs could work ſuch Miſchief in the World? She has no Crimes that can deſerve the Sentence: Her Soul's as bright as the unclouded Sun; and her virtues nothing can Blot or Stain.

This, replied the Knight, I muſt own, yet what I ſay is certain Truth, the defending her Honour, is the Cauſe ſhe dies; from which Death nothing but a Champion to fight her Quarrel, and right injured Innocence, can deliver: Wherefore ſhe having a certain Time allowed her to provide one, and all *England* in your Abſence, not being able to afford one to encounter him who is her Accuſer, ſhe has ſent me to certifie you of the Danger ſhe is in, as you will find by this Letter, under her own Hand: Whereupon he delivered it, which St. *George*, ſtill trembling took, and opening haſtily, read theſe Words:

My Dear Knight,

'FOR the conſtant Love I bear you; which nothing but Death can obliterate, I am 'now in great Diſtreſs; the which, if I would 'have yielded to have defiled my Marriage-bed, 'I might have avoided; but for killing the 'Raviſher, that by lawleſs Luſt would have in-'vaided my Honour, and your Right, I am 'now Condemned to be burnt at a publick 'Stake, unleſs ſome kind Champion in my 'Quarrel, can overcome the Baron of *Cheſter*,

'who

'who is my Accuſer; but finding none ready 'to undertake my Vindication, I have uſed 'the little Time allowed me, to advertiſe you, 'my dear Lord, of it; and leaving the Conſi-'deration of my Danger, I remain your chaſte 'and loving Wife, till Death.

SABRA.

He no ſooner red this Letter, but his Eyes ſparkled as it were with Fire, and his Anger burned within him, till at laſt it broke out in theſe Expreſſions:

Can ungrateful *England* thus abuſe and diſhonour me in the Perſon of a dear Lady? Have I deſerved no better of her King and People? Well, this Injury I would ſeverely Revenge, did not the Thoughts of its being my Native Country, reſtrain my Hands from violent Courſes.

Thus he had proceeded on to vent his Anger, had not the Knight haſtned him to begin his Journey, minding him that the leſt Delay in this Caſe, might be the Loſs of his Lady's Life, which could never be recovered again.

Whereupon he communicated the Matter to the other Champions, with the Neceſſity of his Departure; whereupon every one of them ſingly offered to go in his ſtead, that he might not be hindred in proſecuting his Revenge againſt the *Perſian* Soldan; but he would not truſt this Adventure that ſo nearly concerned him, to any but himſelf; whereupon appointed St. *David* of *Wales*, his Lieutenant-General, taking courteouſly Leave of the whole Army, he departed for

Eng-

England, with all the Speed he could, only accompanied with the Knight who brought him the heavy News. This sad Story of *Sabra*, no sooner came to the Ears of her Father, but thro' Grief he fell into a strange kind of Distraction, roving about his Palace, and crying out, His poor Child was dead, his dear Daughter was murdered; all that could be done to Comfort him, little availing, till at last those appointed to watch him, being Negligent of their Charge, he threw himself over the Battlements of his Palace, and falling on the hard Pavement, was so bruised, that he immediately dyed. But his Body being taken up, was buried in a sumptuous Tomb among his royal Ancestors, with great Solemnity; the Regency of the Kingdom being by the Christian Knights delivered to the Trust of Twelve of the most noble Men of the Realm, to keep it in trust till the Arrival of St. *George*, and the Princess *Sabra*, if Fortune favoured them.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

How St. George *left* Egypt, *and hasted to* England. *How he rescued* Sabra, *by killing the Champion her Accuser, and with what Welcome he was received, and other Matters.*

George being now on his Way for *England*, made all the speed he could by Sea and Land, no Adventures or delightful Objects in his Way being capable to divert him from the Object his Mind was fixed on, his Joy being very great, when sailing from the Court of *France*, he beheld the chalky Cliffs on the Shore of his Native Country.

The same Day he landed, was the Expiration of *Sabra*'s Time, and every Thing was preparing for her Execution; yet she heard not of any Champion that would contend to justifie her Ho-

Honour and Chastity; however, she took Courage, and prepared with a steady Mind to receive that Death, that evil Chance had laid out for her; so through Lanes of Guards, and Crouds of pitying People, she was brought from the Prison to the Stake, where she prepared her delicate Body, more soft then Down of Swans, and whiter than Snow, as Food for the greedy Flames; for being stripped of her royal Ornaments, even to her Smock, she was bound with Chains to the Post by the common Executioner, and Pitch and other Fewel placed about her: Yet she seemed not at all Daunted, tho' the Sight of a suffering Beauty, (for committing a Fact she was forced to for the Safe-guard of her Honour) drew Tears from all Eyes but her own; so that seeing Death so near, she resolving to face it without Terror, lifted up her Hands and Eyes towards Heaven, to ask Strength and Patience, and that God would receive her Soul when it should mount in Flames to his almighty Throne.

Then the King being seated on a Scaffold, under a Canopy of Purple, embroidered with Gold and Pearl, caused the Heralds to Summon the Challenger, who at the Sound of the Trumpet, came proudly prancing into the List, on a strong and stately Steed, with a Bridle of Silver, and Trappings of Gold and precious Stones: This Person was Baron of *Chester*, and held to be the stoutest Knight in *England*, and undertook this Matter, because he was near a Kin to the slain Earl of *Coventry*, and could not without so doing, possess his Lands; whilst this

Cham-

Champion pranced his Horſes about the Liſt, the Defendant was ſummoned, but none yet appeared: This made the Lady look as Pale as Aſhes, and fall into a Fit of Trembling, making her ſwan-like Complaints of her hard Fortune in theſe Words:

Look down with Pity you bright Cæleſtial Forms, upon my Innocence, and ſeeing what I have done was in Defence of my Life and Chaſtity; look down and pardon this forced Blood-ſhed; receive Almighty Power, whoſe Goodneſs has created me, a Soul that is about to leave this dull Earth, and fly to thee; or if it be thy Pleaſure I ſhould longer continue here to Praiſe thy glorious Name; ſtir up the Heart of ſome noble Knight, inſpiring him with Pity, Strength and Courage to defend my Cauſe againſt this Inſulter, who urges my Deſtruction.

This ſaid, ſhe ſtood fixed for any Chance that might happen, either for Death or Life; but juſt as Fire was going to be put to her Funeral-pile, kind Heaven heard her Prayer, and ſent her a Deliverer, her Lord was now at hand, who, had he came ſix Minutes later, had left her for ever, and at a Diſtance to give Notice on what Errand he came, he cauſed the Knight that rid before him, to wave his Banner of Defiance, ſignifying thereby, that he intended to eſpouſe the Lady's Intereſt; ſo that the Executioner ſtayed his Hand till the Knight came up, who made his formal Challenge, demanding the Lady's Liberty, or to combat unto Death in

in her Defence, who ever durst oppose or declare her Guilty of a Crime.

Then the Trumpet sounded the Charge, which bloody Blast was no sooner ended, but the two Champions rushed together with such Fury, as made the Earth to tremble under their Horses Feet; their Spears shivered in a thousand Pieces, and meeting with strong Bodies, Horse and Man fell to the Ground, wherein the Baron of *Chester* was so bruised, that he lay a while on the Earth, casting up much Blood; but recovering a little, he nimbly leaped up, and came in great Fury with his mighty Faulchion, thinking at one deadly Blow to revenge the Disgrace of his Foil, which he had never received from any Knight before, and struck so furiously at St. *George*, that he cleft his Shield in sunder; which so enraged the noble Champion, that lifting up his mighty Sword *Ascalon*, of a true tempered Edge, by its power and inchanted Virtue, it cut quite through the others Armour, so that his Arm was sundred from his Body, and his Sword fell with it to the Ground, so that by the Effusion of Blood he fainted, and dropped on the Earth, and crying out, Worthy Champion, who ever thou art, be proud to have conquered me, who never was subdued before; he with a violent Groan gave up the Ghost.

Upon this the Shouts arose with universal Joy, and while they lasted, the noble St. *George* went to the King, and demanded the captive Lady; which was readily granted him, whereupon he immediately unbound her, and covered her delicate Body from the Injury of the Weather,

ther, with a ſcarlet Mantle, till the Ladies wh
flocked to rejoyce at her Deliverance, had tim
to put on her own Garments.

Then St. *George* mounting her on his Stee
went on Foot, leading him by the Bridle, ti
they came to the Court, where great Prepara-
ons were made to entertain them: Here it wa
that fair *Sabra*, pouring out abundance o

Thanks, fain would have known who, an
what Country her Deliverer was; but he con
cealed himſelf as yet, that her Surprize migh
be the greater; at length, by the Intreatmen
of her, and ſundry other Ladies, he conſente
to be unarmed; no ſooner was his Helmet take
off, but ſhe knew him, and crying, Ah! m
dear Lord, ran into his Arms, that were ſprea
to receive her, and ſwooned away in an Extra

of Joy too mighty for her Spirits; but he and the Ladies present, soon brought her to herself again; then a thousand Love endearing Expressions passed between these constant Lovers, too many here to express.

The King no sooner heard that it was fair *Sabra*'s Lord, and his Country's Champion, who had in Honour of *England*, done such Wonders Abroad, but he came attended with his Nobles, his Queen, and divers beautiful Ladies, and welcomed him with his kind Embraces, causing the Bells to ring, the Conduits to run Wine, and feasting to be held for ten Days, with such Royalty, that this Land in any King's Reign, beheld not the like before, so that the Mourning for the late expected Tragedy, was turned into universal Joy.

CHAP

CHAP. XII.

How St. George *and* Sabra *left* England; *she relates to him the Story of her intended Ravishment. How they arrived in the Land of* Amazons, *with the Desolation they found there, caused by Inchantment.*

THe noble Champion St. *George*, having stayed about twenty Days in *England*, remembered his Companions that were now warring against the Soldan of *Persia*, in his Quarrel, and concluding his Honour would suffer if he delayed returning any longer then was needful for his Affairs, he took leave of the *English* Court, taking the beautious *Sabra* along with him, resolving no more to trust that dear Pledge of his Love, ever at the like Distance from him again; and so passing the Seas to *Grecia*, they made

their

heir ne areſt Way to *Perſia*: But wandring in *Armenia*, and on the *Hyrcania* Mountains, paſſing to *Bactria*, they found themſelves out of the Way, not knowing how to get into it again; however, they took Courage, and ſat down nder a curious Tuft of Trees, by a curious ountain, to expect the coming of ſome Traeller, that might direct them in a right Courſe o *Suſa*, a Frontier of *Perſia*: And here it was hat St. *George*, to ſpin out the tedious Hours, ntreated his Lady to tell him more of the Parculars of her late Adventure, then yet he had ad Leiſure to be inform'd off; at this ſhe ould not forbear trembling, but recollecting er Courage, ſhe, to pleaſe her Lord, thus beran:

Some Months after your Departure, when ou left me in your native Country, I was enertained as beſeemed my Quality, and had no are but for your Safety, till one Evening gong with ſome Ladies to refreſh myſelf in a pleant Grove without the Walls, the luſtful Earl f *Coventry*, meeting us in our Return, caſt his yes on my little Beauty, and was ſo inflamed ith the deſire of enjoying me, that he contrid, as I afterward heard, ſeveral Ways to ribe thoſe that attended me, to let him into y Apartment, that he might ſurprize me at n Advantage; but their Faithfulneſs being bove it, though they would not then tell me, r fear of diſturbing my Peace in your Abſence, e reſolved to try, if by Flattery, he could ork upon me to yield up the Fortreſs of my haſtity; and therefore he prepared a ſtately

Banquet with Musick, Masks and Dancing fo
the Entertainment of the young Ladies of C
ventry; to which, I not knowing his Desig
went ignorantly; when he leading me a Danc
he took an Opportunity when it was ended, t
draw me aside to the Window, and fetching a
deep Sigh, he began in a low, and passiona
Tone, to pour out his amorous Expressions i
my Ears, urging what Treasures and great Fe
licities should be mine, if I would condescen
to Love him, and suffer him to Enjoy me. A
this unexpected Discourse I blushed, and sta
ed, saying, Is this, Sir, the Entertainment yo
designed to Ladies, to lay Snares for their Ho
nour and Chastity, by inviting them to you
House? Alas! what Love can you require
me, unless it be that which is dishoneſt, seei
I am already married, and have vowed my i
tire Affections to my true Lord, never to pla
them any where else? And sure a noble Mi
cannot condescend so low, as to wish a Stain
Virtue? I perceived by the often changing
his Countenance, this Answer was not hi
pleasing to him; but as he was going to rep
some of the Ladies came near to intreat us
make up a new Set-dance, which hindred hi
from saying what he further intended, a
gave me an Opportunity to disintangle my
at that Time; so excusing myself from Dancin
by reason of a sudden Illness, I pretended
went to my own Apartment, much vexed a
troubled in Mind at what I had discovered, a
took all Occasions possibly for the Future,
shun his Company, thinking his lawless Pas

by Absence might expire. But on the contrary, feeding himself with Hopes, he continued to feed his Flame with fresh Fewel; and finding all his amorous Letters, and rich Presents rejected by me, he resolved on a desperate Course; and about the Cool of the Evening, the known time I used to walk in my Garden, he being got in over a high Wall by the means of a Rope-ladder; hid himself under a Tuft of Rose-trees, and as I came into that solitary Place, his Eyes all flaming, and his Heart enraged with Lust, he seized me by the trembling Arm, and forced me to sit down on a Bed of Violets, saying,

Fair *Sabra*, it is now in my Power to Force that from you, which you have hitherto denied me; yet I had rather it should proceed from your free Grant and loving Compliance: Your wandring Knight is by this Time no doubt dead, or at least never intends to return to you any more; therefore by fairly yielding, you will become Mistress of me, and all my large Possessions; but if you refuse, I will force you on this Place; and to prevent your telling Stories, or writing to discover what is done, I will cut out your Tongue, and lop off your Hands, after I have had my Will of you.

Seeing him thus resolute and bloody-minded, and my Desire being that he would kill me, rather than spot my Honour; but finding I could not prevail with him so to do, I began to seem of a sudden more kind, and desired an Hour's time to consider of it, and frame myself to comply with him. This he granted, but not that I should stir from him, till he accomplished his

Desires; whereupon he advizedly laying his Head in my Lap, through the Fumes of Wine he had drank that Day, and the Charms of my tuneful Voice he fell asleep, when drawing out his Dagger, and finding no other Means to escape with my Chastity, I gave him the fatal Blow which ended his Life in a Minute, and for which I was seized, and had suffered Death in the Manner as you saw, had not kind Providence sent you in a happy Time to work my Deliverance.

She had no sooner finished her Story, but the noble Champion embraced her, giving her many tender Kisses, and highly commended her for her Constancy and Courage.

By this Time they espied an old Hermit, who wandred from his Cave to gather wild Fruit for his Subsistance, to whom St. *George* addressed himself, intreating he would direct him the ready Way to *Persia*; who told him, That he was much out of his Way, but that it was a deal further to go back again, than to pass over the Mountains he saw at a Distance on his right Hand, though he would meet some Difficulty in doing it, and then entring into the Confines of the *Amazonian* Country, when he had passed that, the Way was strait before him to *Tauris*, and from thence he might easily go into any part of the *Persian* Dominions; hereupon he and *Sabra* mounted, and rod to the Mountains of *Amanus*, over which by clambering mighty Rocks, they passed the Top of those Mountains, which by reason of their great Height

Height, were covered Summer and Winter with Ice and Snow.

Having passed this Difficulty, they descended into a spacious plain Country; but in it they could see no People, the Houses were deserted, and the Trees every where blasted, and the Fruits of the Earth, which had to Appearance been much, lay scattered, or spoiled by Fire: This made the Champion and his fair Lady wonder, who, or what it should be, that had wrought such Dissolation; the which, whilst it lasted, casting up their Eyes, they saw a stately Pavilion at a Distance, erected before the Gates of a beautiful Tower, or Palace, so thither they rod in Hopes to find in it some living Creatures, of whom they might enquire further of the Matter, as likewise of their Way.

This Pavilion, coming nearer to it, they perceived to be exceeding Rich and Beautiful, all of Green and Crimson, wrought with Silk, Gold, and Pearl by *Indian* Maids; when entering, they perceived a beautiful Virgin clad in Purple imbroidered Robes, with a golden Crown on her Head glittering with precious Stones; in her Hand she had a Silver Bow, and at her Side hung, in a violet colour'd Scarf, a Quiver of Arrows pointed with Gold, and round about her Chair stood divers tall and beautiful Virgins in the like Attire, but not so Rich, and without Crowns on their Heads, she representing *Diana*, the Goddess Chastity, in the midst of her beautious Nymphs; yet a silent Sorrow appeared on every Brow, as if some great Misfortune had befallen them; which

made St. *George* addreſs himſelf to her, who by the Enſigns of Majeſty ſhe wore, he could not but take to be the Chief, ſaying,

Moſt incomperable Lady, Pardon my preſumption, for intruding as a forbidden Gueſt into this ſtately Pavilion; and grant, if it may ſuit with your good Liking to me, the Knowledge why you are thus Sad, and what Ill-hap has befaln this Country, and I promiſe by the Dignities of my Knighthood, to right you, on thoſe that have done you Wrong, all that lies in my Power; for though here I appear as a ſingle Perſon, yet I have Armies at Command, if my own Force ſhould fail me in the Enterprize.

To this, bowing over her Scepter, with a modeſt and graceful Countenance, ſhe thus replied:

Cour-

Courteous Knight, I thank you for this kind Offer; but Fear what has occaſioned my Sorrow, is beyond your Power to redreſs; yet not to appear Diſcourteous in refuſing you the Knowledge of it, know my Mother dying ſome Years ſince, I ſucceeded her as Queen of the *Amazons*, at what Time a Necromancer happened to arrive in my Country, who caſting his Eyes on my Beauty, and knowing my Degree ſo far above him, he thought his open Courtſhip would be utterly rejected, as knowing I had denied the important Suits of Kings, and reſolving to live a ſpotleſs Virgin; wherefore he worked under hand by Charms and Inchantments, ſo that he doubted not this Way to prevail; but by Virtue of a Ring I wear on my Finger, his Inchantments had no Power over me; which he perceiving, his Love, or rather Luſt, was turned into mortal Hatred and Revenge, ſo that by his Magic-ſpells, raiſing a Caſtle out of the Earth, he placed infernal Spirits in it, to caſt noiſome Fogs and Vapours, mixed with Hail and Fire, to the utmoſt Borders of my Country, to deſtroy all that was Pleaſant in it; which through Famine and Peſtilence, has rendered thus deſolate.

Where is this Caſtle? ſaid the Champion; it may be I may be ordained to fling ſuch Vengeance on his Head, as may make him too ſadly repent the Miſchief he has done.

Alas! ſaid the ſorrowful Queen, it is not in the Power of any Knight to do it; for though he is now Abſent, aſſiſting the *Perſian* Soldan againſt the Chriſtian Armies, with Legions of

his infernal Crew, yet he has left, as his Substitute, a Giant of mighty Stature, who has by mighty Strength overcome whole Bands of Knights that have tryed the Adventure, and made them Captives in miserable Dungeons, within the Walls of the Castle, which is surrounded with thick Darkness, many Miles before any one can come at it.

No matter for that, said the undaunted courageous Champion, with your Permission I will venture my Life and Honour, for the sake of you and your Country in finishing this Inchantment.

The *Amazonian* Queen no sooner heard him express this Gallantry, with an undaunted Countenance, but she applauded his magnanimous Generosity, and promised that she and her Ladies in the mean while would pray to the immortal Powers for his prosperous Success. Whereupon, recommending *Sabra* (who was sad at his Departure) to their Care, till his Return, he mounted his stately Steed, and rid, as he was directed by the *Amazonian* Queen, towards the dreadful Place, encompassed with Darkness, and enclosing many gastly Terrors.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How St. George *undertaking to destroy the inchanted Castle of* Osmond, *overcame a mighty Giant, finished the Inchantment, and restored the Country of the* Amazons. *How seven Virgins were ravished and slain in a Wood,* &c.

THe noble Champion no sooner entered the dark Mist that spread round the Castle for many Miles, but he heard a horrible hissing of Snakes, who suddenly assaulted him; against whom, whilst he defended himself with his trusty Sword (cutting and mangling them so dreadfully, that their yet moving Pieces, like Rushes, strewed all the Place) he was assaulted with great Birds, Beetles, Hornets, and other offensive Creatures, brought thither by Inchantment, who very much annoyed, and grievously

ſtung both him and his Horſe; however, with an undaunted Mind, he forced on his Way, till he came to a black River, incloſed with high Banks, the Water to Appearance being full of Crocodiles and Allegators; over this there was but one narrow Bridge to paſs, defended by a mighty Giant, with a ſtrong Mace of Steel, between whom and the Champion began a cruel Fight, but at laſt the Giant growing weary with the infinite Sweat that flowed from him, gave back, whereupon the noble Champion redoubling his Blows, ſtruck him ſo furiouſly on the unwarded Forehead, that he felled him to the Ground, and ſtood over him, ready to ſtrike off his monſtrous Head, when with a Voice like Thunder, he cried out for Mercy, promiſing, if he would ſpare his Life, to be the Knight's Servant, and faithful to him all his Days; where upon St. *George*, on Condition of his diſcovering to him the Manner of the Inchantment, that he might finiſh it, conſented to give him his Life, and take him for his Servant.

Then he told him, That in a Cave within, as ſoon as he deſcended the front Stairs of the Caſtle, he would find a Fire ſpringing out of the Earth by Magic, which had occaſioned all the Miſchief in the *Amazonian* Land; and that it could only be quenched by a Fountain of black Water a little diſtant, the which was guarded by many ugly Spirits; and then upon its being extinguiſhed, the Inchantment would ceaſe.

Here-

Hereupon the valiant Knight, leaving the Giant to hold his Horſe, entered down a Pair of dark Stairs, where he felt terrible Blows, and heard lamentable Cries, but could ſee nothing; at laſt there came out, upon the breaking open the Door, ſo much Smoke and Heat, that he was near ſtifled, yet at laſt it cleared up a little, and he beheld a Fire ſprouting out of the Earth, from whence proceeded the diſmal Vapours, Thunder, and Lightning that had annoyed and waſted the Country.

Approaching this Flame, he found it was guarded by divers Fiends and helliſh Spirits, through whoſe threatning Fury he paſſed to the Fountain he perceived a little beyond it, when in his Shield (notwithſtanding the Reſiſtance that was made by Whirlwinds, and Flaſhes of Flame) he took up as much Water as it would hold, which he caſt into the Fire, whereupon the Caſtle vaniſhed with much Thunder and Lightning, terrible Noiſe and Cries, ſucceeded by a violent Earthquake, whereupon the Sky cleared up, and the Sun ſhone bright.

The Inchantment by this Means being finiſhed, St. *George* with the Giant, went to the *Amazonian* Pavilion, where he was welcomed by the Queen and her Ladies, with all poſſible Demonſtrations of Joy; but eſpecially by the fair *Sabra*, who had all the while prayed to Heaven for his Protection, Victory, and ſafe Return; ſo that for ſeveral Days Feaſting and Muſick continued; But an unhappy Accident fell out, which abated much of the Mirth, before the appointed Days were ended.

It happened, that *Sabra*, whilſt her Lord took his Repoſe after his weary and hazardous Adventure, with ſeven of the Queen's Ladies, went to take the Evening Air, which the Giant (who lay without the Pavilion, and had never ſeen ſuch Beauties before) perceiving, ſecretly followed them into a retired Grove, and burning in Luſt to enjoy ſuch rare Creatures, hid himſelf there behind a Thicket, and ſeized by Surprize, the ſeven Ladies who were foremoſt, bound them with Withs of Woodbine, and raviſhed them; at the Sight of which horrid Fact, the trembling *Sabra*, whom he had not taken by reaſon ſhe was a pretty way from, and undiſcovered by him, hid herſelf behind a

Mulberry-tree; and now fearing his Villany ſhould be diſcovered, he murdered the poor Ladies, by beating out their Brains againſt an Oak-tree, and throwing them into a Pit, covered their dead Bodies with Stones and Earth.

After

After this great Wickedneſs, by his ſtrong Scent he diſcovered where *Sabra* lay hid; but, ſhe by this Time, to ſecure her Chaſtity, had poiſoned her fair Face with a Bottle of Infection; which ever ſince her laſt Extremity, ſhe kept about her to End her Life for the Preſervation of her Honour, if Need urged it, that ſhe looked ſo leprous and deformed a Creature in his Eyes, as made him Loath her Sight, and take her for a worſe Monſter than himſelf, ſo that he left her, and ranged up and down the Country, not ſo much ſtung by Guilt, as he feared the Revenge of the *Engliſh* Champion, when his foul Act ſhould come to be known, till at laſt, to prevent the Puniſhment, he deſperately threw himſelf from an adjacent Rock, and daſhed in that Fall his Monſtrous Body to pieces, and ſo ended his wicked and deteſted Life.

St. *George* having Notice his Lady was gone Abroad, and that ſhe returned not in a ſeaſonable Hour, ſuſpecting ſome Miſhap was befallen her, and the Ladies that accompanied her, eſpecially the Giant being likewiſe miſſing, ſo that taking his truſty Sword, he ranged the Woods, till by her Sighs and Laments he found her out, but ſo deformed, that had it not been for her Voice, he could not have known her, and having enquired into the Misfortune of her being reduced to this Miſery, and not far diſtant, finding the Pit where the dead Bodies of the Ladies were buried in, he vowed the moſt cruel Revenge in the World upon the Giant; but ſearching

ing to find him out, he ſaw he had prevented him, by being his own Executioner.

Whereupon with his ſorrowful Lady, he returned with great Grief to the *Amazonian* Pavilion, where the Sight of the deformed *Sabra*, and the Relation of what had further happened, ſo grieved the fair Queen, that ſhe ſunk from her Chair of State, into a deadly Swoon; yet in a little Time being recovered, ſhe bewailed the Misfortunes of her dear Companions and more, that of the fair *Sabra*, endeavouring by Medicines, and Art to recover her Beauty, which ſucceeded ſo well, that in a few Days ſhe was reſtored to her charming Luſtre.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

How, travelling through a Wilderness, Sabra *fell in Labour, and was delivered of three fair Sons: How, in St.* George's *Absence, they were carried away by wild Beasts, and by what Means recovered: How they were crowned in* Egypt, *King and Queen; and what happened to the Christian Army in* Persia, *&c.*

ST. *George* having restored the *Amazonian* Queen to the quiet Possession of her Country, by the dissolving the Inchantment, began to cast in his Mind to what Purpose he departed from *England*, which was to assist his Fellow-Champions, against the *Persian* Soldan, whom he supposed by this Time, fighting in his Quarrel; so that taking Leave of the Queen, who

who parted not with him and his Lady without Tears, he rod through many Deſarts and Wilderneſſes full of fearful wild Beaſts, till at laſt he was forced to take his Lady from her Palfry, by reaſon of the exceeding Pain that afflicted her, occaſioned by the ſwelling Burden of her Womb, being Ripe for Delivery, which ſo encreaſed upon her, that inſtead of a rich Pavilion, or a ſtately Alcove in a Palace, ſhe was forced to take up under a ſpreading Beech, on a Bed of Moſs, her Curtains being the ſpreading Flowers that grew round about it, and her Canopy the ſpreading Branches of the Tree: Bue whilſt St. *George* haſtened to ſeek for ſome Female-aſſiſtance, to help her in her great Extremity, her Cries wrought ſuch Compaſſion in the Queen of *Faries*, to whom that Grove was Conſecrated, that ſhe came not only to help her in her Delivery, which ſucceſsfully happened, but brought her all Neceſſaries; ſo that St. *George* in his fruitleſs Return, wondered to find her ſafely delivered of three fair Sons, placed in three rich Cradles, and ſhe laid on a Princely embroidered Bed, with Curtains of *Perſian* Silk, and a crimſon Canopy over it: But having heard the Story, he lifted up his Hands to Heaven, and returned immortal Thanks for ſuch a Providence.

Food now being the only Thing that was wanting, after he had kiſſed his Lady and tender Infants, he went in ſearch of it; but in his Abſence great Woe befel, a Lyoneſs, a Tygreſs, and Wolf came and took the ſweet Babes out of the Cradle, the Mother's Strength

little

little availing to rescue them, and her pitious Cries less, so that without hurting them, they bore them away with a mighty swift Pace.

St. *George* returning with Venison, and some wild Fowl he had taken, was much amazed when he saw his Lady all in Tears, and the Infants gone; yet no sooner he knew by what means they were conveyed away, but throwing down his Provision, he hasted in Search of them vowing either to recover them or to lose his own Life: a long Time he wandered about the Woods and Mountains, till at last by one of their Cries, he was directed to them in a Cave, at the Bottom of a Rock, where he found them suckling like *Romulus* and *Rhemus*, at the Teats of the before-named furious wild Beasts, from whence he took them without any Interruption, they fawning at his Feet, and in a Token of Kindness, attended him to the Place where *Sabra* lay, and then returned to their respective Dens.

Sabra was exceedingly transported with Joy, when she saw her Children recovered; so that getting so much Strength as to sit on Horse-back, they went to the Sea-side, took Shipping, and by reason of her Weakness, and his Babes yet undisposed of, he thought it not yet fit to go unto *Persia*, but directed his Course for *Egypt*, and was there waited on by the twelve Peers at his Landing, and most magnificently entertained with all imaginable Demonstrations of Joy; and such royal Preparations made for the crowning them King and Queen of *Egypt*, that the like had never been seen in that Land before:

And

And so Rich were the Presents of Gold, Silver, Pearls, Silks, precious Stones, given at the Coronation by the Nobles, Ladies, and Merchants, that they were sufficient to purchase a pretty Kingdom.

This royal Solemnity having lasted ten Days, with great Feasting and Rejoycing, St. *George* (now King of *Egypt* and *Morocco*) caused a Renewal of the Joy at the Christening his three Sons, naming the Eldest *Guy*, the Second *Alexander*, and the Third *David*, And lest any Mishap should befal them in his Absence, or that in *Egypt* they should want Education suitable to their Degree, with much ado he prevailed with his Lady, that he might send them to his Friends in *Europe*, and accordingly he sent the Eldest to *Rome*, to be brought up under the Emperor; the Second to the King of *England*, and the Third to King of *Bohemia*, where they were carefully brought up in all Princely Exercise, appertaining to Arts and Arms, in the Pursuit of which I shall leave them, till they come to Years of more Maturity, whilst St. *George* continued his Travels, and stayed to settle his Affairs in *Egypt*. The other six Champions with their Army, had wasted a great Part of the *Persian* Soldan's Dominions, inriching themselves with the Spoils of a hundred Towns and Cities; and in a great Battle, which lasted five Days, and in which two hundred Thousand of the *Pagans* were slain, they gained a mighty Victory, insomuch that the Soldan fearing such another Encounter might be the Ruin of himself and his whole Army, he drew his scattered Forces with-

within the Walls of his grand City of *Belgor*, and fortified it with all Diligence in the best and strongest Manner: Yet he had not long rested e're the Christian Army incompassed it, and battered the Wall with furious Rams in divers Places, which made them to tremble and rend, so that the Soldan fearing they would enter, went in great haste to *Osmond*, the Necromancer, who had done so much Mischief to the *Amazonians*, and whose inchanted Tower or Castle was frustrated by the Valour of the *English* Champion, and intreated him, seeing Humane Force availed not, that by his Art Magic he would assist him.

This *Osmond* promised to do, if he would sally out the next Day with all his Power; so when the two Armies were engaged in a bloody Conflict, he went into a dark Valley, and with his Magic-wand making a Circle and his strange Characters, muttering horrid Charms, immediately the Sky was covered with Blackness, the Clouds were shivered with mighty Thundering and Lightning, Fire run on the Ground, when immediately a pitchy Cloud descended in the Front of the Christian Army, which opening there, issued out a Legion of infernal Spirits, with horrid Cries, who overthrew in many Places, Men and Horses; likewise with the Blasts of Fire that proceeded out of their Mouths, they scorched and miserably burnt others, tossing some up in the Air, who were bruised to Death in the Fall. But the great Banner of the Cross was no sooner displayed, but they all vanished; and then the Christians taking

taking new Courage, slew so many of their Enemies, that the Fields of *Mavors* whereon they fought, was pudled over with Blood, and piled up with Heaps of dead Bodies.

The Soldan seeing this adverse Fortune, fled with the remainder a second Time into the City; and there *Osmond* began another manner of Conjuration, which was to transform airy

Spirits into the Shapes of beautiful Virgins, and by raising an inchanted Pavilion, to ensnare the six Champions in Love by their Alurements, and make them forsake the Camp of *Mars*, to sport with them in the Tent of *Venus*: And indeed by their melodious Voices and Inticements, this Stratagem took so well, that it had proved the Ruin of the Christian Army, had not St. *George* luckily arrived in the Day of Battle; for the Soldiers wanting their Leaders, were

were at the Point to fly, if he like a Tempest, had not broke into the Front of the Enemy's Army, and by his exhortations and valiant Deeds, encouraged them to renew the Fight; by which means the *Persians* were again put to the Rout in all Parts.

Then the noble Champion went to the inchanted Tent, and cutting it in Pieces, with his Sword, reproved with much Sharpness the six Knights that lay there captivated in the Laps of seeming Virgins; whereupon those deluding Spirits vanished in Flame with a great and terrible Noise, which so shamed the Knights to be so imposed on by Inchantment, that they shook off their Sloath, buckled on their Armour, and hasted to their Soldiers, who received them with great Joy.

And as St. *George* returned, he found *Osmnod* sitting on a Block of Steel, devising new Charms, and knowing him by the Description the Giant had given of him, he seized him, and bound him fast to a blasted Oak, in Fetters of Adamant; whereupon the Power of his Magic left him, and there he remained lamenting his woful Case, and gnawing his Flesh till a Legion of infernal Spirits fetched him away Body and Soul, with great and hedious Howlings, Thunder and Lightning, *&c.*

St. *George* having restored Things to what they were at first, exhorted his Soldiers to a general Assault on the City, which they the next Morning stormed in ten several Places, making the Street float with Blood, and so breaking into the Palace, took the Soldan and his

his Vice-roys or Governors of Kingdoms under him Prisoners; these Six, upon paying great Ransoms, were set at Liberty; but the Soldan refusing to turn Christian, and blaspheming the God of Heaven, was cast into the Dungeon wherein he had imprisoned St. *George* seven Years; where making a pitious Complaint, and cursing his Stars, he ended his miserable Life by beating out his Brains against a Stone-pillar. Then by general Consent, St. *George* was proclaimed Emperor; but soon after returned with the other Champions for *England*, and was received with more Joy than can be here expressed.

The Renowned and Famous

HISTORY

Of the Seven

Champions of *Chriſtendom.*

The Second Part

CHAP. I.

How St. George *and the other Champions arrived in* England, *and ſent for* Sabra *and his three Sons, who came to* London; *how, by a Fall in a Hunting-match, ſhe came by her Death; the manner of her Burial and Tomb; how the ſeven Champions hereupon vowed a Pilgramage to* Jeruſalem; *and how the three young Princes were warned by their Mother's Ghoſt to follow them; and of the Reſcue they brought to a Lady, &c.*

THE ſeven Champions after overcoming a terrible Storm at Sea, and deſtroying ſeveral Pirates that ſet upon them in Hopes of a rich Prize, ſafely landed in *England*, where

where they were received with great Expressions of Joy, especially in the famous City of *London*, where they held their Residence; and during the Time of the Feasts and Triumphs were made in Honour of them, St. *George* being mindful of the dear Pledges of his Love, sent divers gallant Knights into *Egypt*, to attend his beautious *Sabra* into his native Country: Writing Letters to the Emperor of *Rome*, and the two Kings who had his Sons in Tuition, to send them to him; they being by this Time grown to Years of Maturity; all of them happily arrived together, and received a Welcome beyond Expression.

When among other princely Sports, a solemn Hunting was appointed in the Spacious Forest, which then stood where now *Barnet* stands: The fair *Sabra*, willing to see the Activity and noble Courage of her Sons in that princely Sport, resolved to accompany her Lord, mounted with her silver Bow, Quiver, and Breast-plate, like *Diana* on a fiery *Spanish* Gennet.

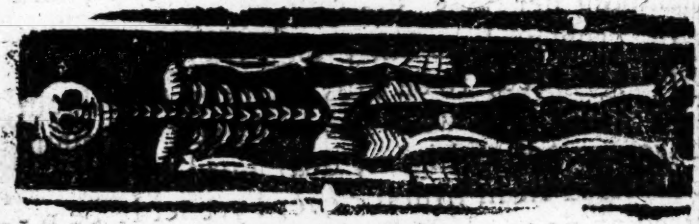
They no sooner enter'd the Forest, but three Drops of Blood fell from St. *George*'s Nose, and a Flock of croaking Ravens flew round him; these Signs much perplexed him, as having always been the Fore-runners of some Danger to him. Yet a stately Stag being routed, they following of the Chase, somewhat diverted his melancholy Thoughts; but, alas! this Pastime was soon turned into Mourning, for fair *Sabra* straining her Horse to keep Pace with the Formost, he startled suddenly upon the Turn of the Stag, and threw her with a violent Force into a prickly

prickly Brake full of deadly sharp Thorns, which so rent and tore her Snow-white Skin in every Part, that it was changed into a Crimson, so that the Blood gushed out amain, notwithstanding all that her Lord, and the rest could do, she found, through the Bruise she had received, and the Loss of Blood, she had not long to live; wherefore tenderly kissing him, who stood over her, all bedewed in Tears, and embracing her Sons, she said,

Ah, cruel and too hasty Destiny! Wherein have I offended, to be thus cut off in the Bloom of my Years? I who have escaped so many Dangers in following my dear Lord, must now be divorsed from him for ever! yet let it be recorded of me to all Posterity, That I have been a kind, chaste, and loving Wife; my Thoughts never straying from him; nor shall Death ever destroy my Love; but if Soul's separated from the Body, retain any Knowledge of earthly things, my Love and Constancy shall ever remain firm and unshaken.

Then turning to her Sons, weeping and embracing them, she gave them her Blessing; charging them to follow their Father's Steps in honourable and virtuous Ways, succouring the oppressed, and chastizing Tyrants; not to injure Orphans or Widows, nor wrong the Chastity of Damosels: After which, fetching a deep Sigh, she sunk down in the Arms of her Husband, pale Death cruelly closing the Eyes of the fairest Creature that ever breathed on Earth with endless Slumber; whose unfortunate End, turned the Joy of the whole Land into deep Sor-

row and Mourning. Her Funeral was celebrated with all the solemn Pomp imaginable, and a stately Tomb raised over her, on which were various curious Devices ingraven, resembling her Chastity, Constancy, Beauty, and all the Ornaments of her Graces and Virtues. Her Sons making this Epitaph on her, hanging it over her sleeping Image, ingravened on a Tablet of Silver, set with precious Stones:



Reader, pass not, but let thy Tears be shed
Over the beauteous, and the virtuous Dead;
Loyal and Chaste she was, and all her Life
Did pattern out a kind and loving Wife.
By the hard Destines her Doom was wrought,
A cruel Fall her sad Destruction brought.

Yet though her Body lies in this cold Tomb,
The Earth's too scanty for her Soul's vast Doom;
It's wing'd for Heaven, and took a hasty Flight,
For Crowns of Blessings in the Realms of Light:
However, weep, since Death has taken more
Than Nature to the World can e're restore.

After the funeral Solemnities were over, S. George vowed to go a Pilgrimage to *Jerusalem* barefooted in poor Attire, to view the Holy Sepulchre, and other Things highly in Esteem with Christian Pilgrims, so to expiate for his Sin

Sins, and Appeaſe the Ghoſt of his departed Lady, by whoſe unlucky Hunting-match, ſhe had loſt her Life. This Reſolution being made known to the other ſix Champions, they for the Love they bore him, reſolved to accompany him in the ſame Manner: And ſo, embracing his Sons, leaving them Plenty of all manner of Riches, with his Bleſſing, and recommending them to the Care of the King, he took his Journey with his Companions, clambering over Rocks and Mountains, wading over Rivers, paſſing through thorny Wilderneſſes, making the bare Ground their Bed, and Heaven their Canopy; their Drink being of the Fountain, and their Diet the wild Fruits of the Foreſt. In which long and painful Journey, I muſt leave them for a Time, and return to the three young Princes, Sons to the noble *Engliſh* Champion, who were left at Home to mourn over their Mother's Tomb; in this they ſo contended who ſhould exceed each other in Sorrow, that they fell at Variance about it; yet at laſt agreed to try an Experiment to conclude, which was, That he who could bring the rareſt Preſent, and preſent it on her Monument, ſhould be worthily accounted chief Mourner, whereupon the Eldeſt repaired to an Inchantreſs that lived in a Cave, in a Wood ſome Miles on the North of the City, who for a great Reward, though it was in the Depth of Winter, ſent her Spirit to fetch all Manner of curious fragrant Flowers that the Earth could afford; theſe ſhe made up into a Crown like a Garland, and ſo Inchanted them, that they ſhould never Fade, but be ever bloom-

ing, and caſt an odoriferous Scent. The next in Birth brought a Silver Lute, which he hanged ſo advantagiouſly, that at every breathing of the Wind, the Lute would Tune melodiouſly without being touched with Humane Hands. The Third came attired in white ſilken Robes, with a ſilver Baſon and a Ponyard in his Hands, when opening his Boſom, he pricked his tender Fleſh with the Sharp-pointed Weapon, and let out thirty Drops of his Blood into the Baſon, which he offered on the Tomb, as the deareſt Thing he could produce to expreſs his Affections to his dead Mother; ſo that his two other Brothers concluded he had gotten the Glory from them, fell upon him with violent Hands to ſlay him; when immediately the Tomb flew open, and their Mother's Ghoſt appeared, charging them to forbear, and live in Unity as they tendered her Soul's Reſt; alſo that they ſhould haſt to the HOLY LAND to their Father's Reſcue, who was there in Captivity, and great Danger of his Life; and ſo immediately vaniſhing into the Air, the Tomb cloſed again.

This unexpected Sight not only ſtruck them with Fear and Trembling, but made them bind themſelves mutually with an Oath to be in perpetual Unity and Concord, never to diſagree, but ſtand by and aſſiſt each other to their Deaths. Then remembring what was told them concerning their Father, they told it to the King, and deſired his Leave to depart; whereupon, though he was loath to conſent, yet the urgent Neceſſity requiring it, he furniſhed them

them with stately Horses, Armour, and all Things necessary for their Journey, with Ships to transport them; and embracing them with a fatherly Kindness, they were dismissed, to pursue their intended Voyage, and sailing up the *Straights*, they landed on the Coast of *Province*, in *France*, where travelling by the Side of a large Forest, they heard the lamentable Cry of

a distressed Virgin; which made them alight, and tying their Horses to a Beech-tree, enter the Woods with their drawn Swords; wherein they had not far gone, but directed by the Cry, which yet continued in a pitious Manner, but they beheld a beautious Virgin lying on her Back, in an unseemly Posture, and coming nearer, they perceived she was fast staked down to the Ground by the Hair of the Head, her

Arms and Hands ſtretched out, were tyed to two Holly-ſhrubs, and her Legs faſtened very wide aſunder in like Manner, as if ſhe had been ſtretched on a Rack: The baſhful young Knights at this unuſual Sight began to retire, and cover their Faces that overſpread with Bluſhes; however, at laſt taking Courage, they threw their Scarfs of Knighthood over the Lady, to cover her Nakedneſs, and unbound her with all the Speed they could, by reaſon that through an extraordinary Senſe of Modeſty, ſhe fainted at the Sight of them.

Being come to herſelf, ſhe fell on her Knees, and thanked them for her timely Reſcue; and whilſt they were impatient to know who had offered her this inſufferable Injury, ſhe thus began:

Worthy Chriſtian Knights; for ſo by the bloody Croſſes you wear on your Shields, I eſteem you to be, I return you a thouſand Thanks for the timely reſcue you brought to the ſaving my Chaſtity, when I was at the Point to be Raviſhed by three deformed Moors, who dragged me from my aged Father's little Manſion hither, having tyed him to a blaſted Tree, not far diſtant from hence, where I fear, for Grief, he will Expire before I can Return to let him ſee by your Courteſie I am in Safety.

This ſhe no ſooner ſaid, but the Knights, inflamed with Anger, inſtantly demanded which Way the Villains went, that they might chaſtiſe their Inſolency with Death; and being directed by her, *Alexander* ſtayed with her as her Guard, whilſt the others purſued the Moors; and in

the

the mean Time ſitting on a Moſſy Bank, ſhe told him ſhe was Daughter to the Duke of *Normandy*, whoſe Country the Tyrannous *French* King had Over-run, and taken from him; ſo that in poor Attire wandering as Exiles, they at length had built a little Hut with Branches of Trees in that Foreſt, and cover'd it with Turf, living on what they found, as wild Fruits, Roots, *&c.* till Providence ſhould better order their Affairs, by ſtirring up ſome neighbouring Prince to compel a Reſtitution of what had been ſo unjuſtly taken from them: And that in ſuch their low Eſtate they had lived in Peace and ſweet Content, till theſe Moors, who came with their Javelings into the Foreſt to ſteal Veniſon, unluckily found out their Abode, and added new Sorrow to their tender Hearts; at this ſhe let fall a Shower of Tears, which was ſcarce dryed up, when *Guy* and *David*, the two young Princes, who went in ſearch, came, bringing the Heads of the Moors in their Hands, having taken them from off their cowardly Bodies, where they found them cloſe hid in a Thicket, almoſt dead for Fear.

This being done, the Lady led them towards a little Cot, where the good old Duke was bound to a Tree; he at the Sight of his Daughter's Return in ſuch noble Company, conceiving the beſt had happen'd, fell into a Swoond for Joy; and in the Extaſie of ſuch a Paſſion, Nature being worn out, and waſted in him, he yielded up his aged Life, which drew freſh Floods of Tears from the Lady's Eyes; nor

could the Knights refrain to weep with her; so comforting her in the best wise they could, and helping her to bury her Father under a Bed of Violets, seeing she was resolved by Vow to stay by his Grave and weep over it for a Twelve-month, and that no Intreaties or Persuasions could alter her Intention, they kindly recommending her to the Care and Protection of Heaven, took their Leave of her, and prosecuted their Way towards *Jerusalem*: So on their Journey I must also leave them, to enquire after the seven Champions that had been gone long before to view the *HOLY LAND*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How the ſeven Champions in their Way tryed the Adventure of the Golden Fountain: How St. George *killed there a mighty Giant, and releaſed the other Six that were taken Priſoners: Of their Arrival at the Holy Sepulchre, and how they were warned by a Voice to depart thence: How being almoſt famiſhed, St.* George *relieved them by killing a Giant in* Arabia, *&c.*

THe ſeven Champions after many a weary Step, arrived within the Confines of the flouriſhing City of *Damaſcus*, where it growing towards Evening, and they perceiving on a ſpacious Plain, a little aſide them, a very ſtately Building, went thither, being ſtill clad in

Palmers Weeds, to enquire for Entertainment till the Morning: Upon their Approach, they found the Gates open, and all Things appearing very Stately and Magnificent, which caused them to ring a little Silver-bell, that hung on the Side-post: at the Sound of which a grave Person, whose Head was as white as Snow, came and welcomed them; and having refreshed them with Provisions, and comforted their Hearts with *Persian* Wine, he led them to see the Statelineſs of his Mansion, which seemed more liker a Paradise, than a private Man's Habitation; being guilded and adorned with several rare Devices of Gold, Silver, Brass, Iron, and precious Stones, representing the four Ages of the World, Goddesses, Nymphs, Graces, and other curious Things too Tedious to recite, which highly pleased them, and made them enquire by what curious Artist they were done, which made him fetch a deep Sigh; saying,

I once had many Sons, though now but few, who were curiously skilled in all rare Workmanship, that Ingenuity could reach to, or ingenious Minds comprize, but Fourteen of them have I unfortunately lost; Six of the Youngest only remaining with me.

Whereupon he called them out of a Closet, who came playing on their silver Lutes Melodious, as the Musick of the Spheres, which ravished the Champions with Delight; but especially casting their Eyes on the Beauty of these lovely Children, made them the more earnestly enquire, by what Means he lost the rest?

Where-

Whereupon, ſitting down on a Couch imbroidered with Gold and Pearl, he thus began:

It ſo happened that I being skilled in *Alchymy*, and finding out the Secrets in Nature, through my Art, diſcovered ſome Miles from hence, a Mineral Water, which would turn any baſe Metal ſteeped therein, into Gold and Silver, in twenty four Hours: This I made into a curious Fountain, and kept the Virtue of it private as long as I could, heaping up much Riches this Way, building a curious Caſtle by it; but at laſt, by what Means I am Ignorant, the important Secret coming to be known, many Knights and others in Arms, came to diſpoſſeſs me of it by Force, but my valiant Sons ſo nobly defended it, that they put them frequently to the Foil, and by their Courage maintained my Right; till at laſt a mighty monſtrous Giant, whoſe Skin no Cart can pierce, came from his Dwelling in a vaſt Cave, under Mount *Sion* in *Arabia*: And by his Matchleſs Force, after a long Combat, took my Sons Priſoners, and ſeized my Caſtle; whereupon I by a Back-way, (with theſe my younger Sons, whoſe tender Years were not then capable of making much Reſiſtance) fled to this Place which I had before builded, nor value I the Loſs of my Fountain ſo much, as the Affliction of my Children, who lye in a Dungeon of a Rock under the Caſtle, in heavy Chains, fed only with Bread and Water, and there they muſt continue till ſome good Knights, by deſtroying the Giant to deliver them, if it be poſſible to be performed by Humane Strength.

This

This Diſcourſe, and the Tears that trickled and ſurrounded his aged Face, moved the noble Warriors to eaſe his Grief, and confiding in him to keep Secret, they freely diſcovered themſelves who they were, which made him fall on his Knees, and Embrace them; greatly rejoycing, for he had heard much of their Fame and noble Actions: Whereupon he led them to his Armory, which was rarely furniſhed with warlike Habiliments, out of which every one choſe what he liked beſt; but becauſe there was but a ſingle Giant to contend with, that the Fame of him that ſhould be Victor, might riſe the Higher, they reſolved to caſt Lots; the firſt Lot fell upon St. *Dennis*, who was made Priſoner by the Giant, as were likewiſe Five more of them, though they behaved themſelves with great Courage, but the Reaſon they fared ſo Ill, was, That the Giant's Skin was not penitrable by Sword.

Theſe Misfortunes much grieved St. *George*, who was to try the laſt Adventure, whereupon gueſſing at the Reaſon of their not ſucceeding, he took a mighty Iron Bar, ſharp at one End as a Pike, and ſo went towards the Giant, who ſtood by the Fountain-ſide; and after a bloody Combat, ſtruck him ſo full on the Head, that he brought him to the Ground with a diſmal Roar, ſuch as made the Caſtle tremble; and leaving him there expiring, he went into the Caſtle with the Keys, and ſet the Priſoners at Liberty, to their great Joy, but more exceedingly to the Joy of the ſorrowful aged Man, when he ſaw his Sons whom he gave over for

Loſt,

lost, return in Safety: Whereupon he tenderly embraced St. *George*, accounting him the most accomplished Knight in the World; and being restored to the Possession of his Castle and Golden Fountain, he many Days feasted them in a sumptuous Manner, and then bestowing on them many rich Gifts, he dismissed them to proceed on their Journey, so they travelled on

till they came to fair *Jerusalem*, without incountering any considerable Adventure.

Here they were welcomed by many Christian Pilgrims and Knights, and immediately proceeded to visit the Holy Sepulchre, and pay their Vows there, in remembrance of the unfortunate Death of the beautious *Sabra*. This Sepulchre stands in a curious Chapel, descend-

ing

ing a Story under-ground, in the Middle of the City, on Mount *Sion*, cut out of white Marble, garniſhed with curious carving Work, ſupported by Pillars of Jet, inlaid with Jaſpers and Rubies, the Gates of the Chapel are overlayed with Gold and Silver, and before the Tomb burns twelve golden Lamps with ſpicy Oyls, caſting a curious Fragrancy, watched by twelve pure Virgins in white Veſtments, who have dedicated themſelves to that Office. But whilſt they were kneeling here, they heard this in a curious ſounding Muſical Note;

Riſe noble Champions, linger here no more,
Your Arms the World requires, depart therefore,
And with your Valours and the Chriſtian Cauſe;
The Time of noble Actions now near draws,
By mighty Deeds, endleſs to Crown your Name,
And write your Works in golden Characters of Fame:
And you chaſte Virgins that do here reſide,
Horſes and Armour muſt for them provide.

This was no ſooner over, but a Sound as of heavenly Muſick inſued, the Virgins led them to a Place in the Side of the Mountain, where they found Armor and Horſes according to their Quality, upon which they took their leave of the fair Virgins, and being armed at all Points, mounted and rod out of the City, in ſearch of new Adventures: But paſſing through the Wilderneſſes of *Arabia*, and not in many Leagues happening on any Town, Village, or ſingle Houſe, they began to faint with Hunger, and wiſh that inſtead of Silver and Gold, they had

had brought Provisions, as the more useful in this Extremity of the Two; so that they began to make heavy Complaints, upon the account of the War that Famine made against them, till at last they alighted in the Evening, Weary and Disconsolate, where they had but an ill resting under a Tree all Night; so the next Morning they mounted very Feeble on their Horses, and followed the neareſt Road to a Smoke they saw on the Side of a great Mountain resolving to be a Guest there, whither welcome or not. So that St. *George* who bore this Affliction better than any of the rest, rod

a pretty way before them, to be their Purveyor for them; yet he no sooner came up to demand Succour, but out of a huge Cave issued a Giant,

very

very terrible to behold, but in ſuch haſte, that he left his maſſy Bar of Iron behind him; and ſeeing but one armed Knight, he little regarded to fetch it, thinking to brain him with his Fiſt, or cruſh him to peices in his Arms; but St. *George* ſeeing the Giant come at him with great Fury, lifting himſelf on his Stirrups, and nimbly tracing his Horſe aſide, ſmote him with his Battle-ax ſo full on the Crown, that he clove his huge thick Skull, that with a mighty Noiſe and ſhaking the Earth with his Fall, he gave up the Ghoſt; by what Time the other Champions were come up, ſo thar entering together into the Cave, they found a Cauldron as big as a Brewers Copper, boiling over a huge Fire, and in it the Fleſh of a large Ox: Searching further, they found Wine, Bread, and other Neceſſaries, ſo that they refreſhed themſelves, and recovering their former Strength, and having delivered divers miſerable Captives of either Sex, out of Slavery, and given them as a Recompence, all the Giant's, and a peaceable Poſſeſſion of the Place, they departed in ſearch of other Adventures.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How the seven Champions met with a Cristal Shrine, in which was inclosed a murdered Lady, laid in a sable Tent; how they heard the woful Story of a grave old Man, vowing Revenge, went to the black Inchanted Castle, where after a fierce Combat, they by Stratagem were imprisoned in a Dungeon.

The Champions leaving the Giant's Cave, passed over the Mountains in a fair Plain, stored with some Towns, and many pretty Villages; on these Plains were numerous Flocks of Sheep feeding, and far had they not passed on these flowery Downs, but they espyed a Pavilion, erected under a Tuft of Cyprus-trees; whereupon, desirous to be better instructed in the Ways of the Country, they rod up to it, and

and found there an old reverend Man ſitting in a melancholy Poſture, over a Criſtal Shrine or Caſe, wherein was the Body of a dead Virgin much mangled, and cruelly miſuſed. This doleful Sight ſtruck them with Sadneſs and Wonder, whereupon alighting from their Horſes, they reſolved to enquire into the Meaning of that, which appeared to them ſo great a Miſtery.

The reverend old Man perceiving their earneſt Deſire to enquire into his Misfortunes, hoping they might be a Means to revenge him of the Injury he ſuffered. After a flood of Tears had guſhed from his aged Eyes, thus began:

I am, ſaid he, Lord of all theſe Plains, and though my Profeſſion is but a Shepherd, yet Providence has ſo bleſſed my Induſtry, that I have large Poſſeſſions; but above all, I was happy in two Chaſte and beautiful Daughters, who now by cruel Means, are in the cold Embraces of Death: And here ſaid he, pointing to the Criſtal Shrine, you ſee one of them lye murdered before your Eyes.

Upon this the Champion fetched a deep Sigh, and entreated him to give a Relation of her Tragedy; which as they were true Knights, if he ſo required it, ſhould be revenged at full, on thoſe that had cauſed ſo great a Wickedneſs, as the Shedding an innocent Virgin's Blood.

To that End, ſaid the aged Man, have I continued in this mournful Place for many Weeks, in Hopes ſome courteous Knights would give me that Satisfaction, before I cloſe my aged Eyes in a long Slumber, and then I ſhall dye con-

ntentedly. Then to anſwer your Requeſt, ere reſides not many Miles from hence, one *eoger*, ſtiling himſelf Knight, a Man very ch and Powerful, but of a luſtful and wick- Tem per, as will appear: For falling in Love ith my eldeſt Daughter, I not knowing then hat Temper he was of, conſented to the Match, and the Nuptial was kept with much omp and Gradeur, but having reaped the leaſures of Love, his Mind was wavering and hangeable, for caſting his Eyes on my young- ſt Daughter, who was indeed the moſt beauti- ul of the two; he inviting her in a kind Man- er to his Houſe to viſit her Siſter, after her Ly- ng-in; by the Way carried her into a thick Wood, and began to tell her the Story of his Paſſion, but ſhe deteſting ſo great a Wickedneſs, nd reproving him ſharply, he grew out-ragi- ous, ſtripped her Naked, and tyed her to a Tree; but ſhe that had rather dye than looſe her Chaſtity, endured not only this Shame, but he, ſcourging of her tender Fleſh with the Whip he managed his Horſe withal, but no Force or Intreaty prevailing for her Conſent, he in an inhumane Manner, forced her Chaſti- y, as ſhe ſtood bound to the Tree, and then ſtrangled her, that ſhe might not diſcover, co- vering her dead Body with Boughs. Theſe Paſſages, her little Page, who had undiſcover- ed followed her, ſaw from behind a Thicket, but durſt not then cry out, for fear of being Murdered by him. But *Leoger* the bloody Mon- ſter, was no ſooner departed, but he ran to my married Daughter, and told her all the Circum-

ſtances,

ſtances, who was thereupon ſo over tranſporte
with Horror and Rage, that coming into he
diſloyal Husband's Chamber, where he ha
thrown himſelf by this Time on his Bed, t
conſider more leiſurely of the Miſchief; an
after ſhe had reproached him, ſhe made at hi
with a Dagger to kill him, but miſſing he
Blow, ſhe ſtabbed her tender Infant, and afte
herſelf to the Heart; ſoon after this killing

News by the Page, I fetched my younger Daughter's Body, and have inſhrined it as you ſee, that her Story might the better move Compaſſion and Revenge.

At this ſad Relation the Champions were greatly Incenſed, and haſtily departed to work their

heir Revenge on the Knight of the Black aſtle: So taking their Leaves, and having fficient Directions to find it, they made no rrying by the Way; but in riding about ten eagues, came in Sight of it, ſtanding in a ery pleaſant Country, full of Cattle, and plea- nt Fruits; and in the Woods and Foreſts wild eaſts of all Sorts; but the Acceſs to it was very ifficult, by Reaſon of a mighty deep Moat ound it, and the Draw-bridge over it drawn p.

This Knight moreover doubting Revenge, would be ſought for the Blood of the murdered nnocents, had not only got in a ſtrong Guard, ut leagued with a Necromancer, to fortifie his aſtle by Magic-art, it being before by Art and Nature very ſtrong and ſtately, gliſtering with Gold and precious Stones; before the Gate of he Draw-bridge ſtood a Pillar, on which, by golden Chain hung a Silver Trumpet, and on Tablet of Silver theſe Lines:

He that this Trumpet ſounds, will perceive ſtrait
The Draw-bridge fall, and open fly the Gate;
Yet of your entering here, you muſt take heed,
Leſt for preſuming it, you ſmart and bleed.

However, St. *George* not to be daunted at any Threats, put the Inſtrument of War to his Mouth, and ſounded ſo loud, that the Foundation of the Caſtle trembled; the Bridge was let down, and the Gate opened; ſo tying faſt their Horſes at the Foot of the Bridge, they reſolved to make their Paſſage good over it, againſt all

Op-

Opponents; Sut ſcarcely were they entered on it, but a mighty Darkneſs made them ſcarce know where they were, yet going down a great Pair of Stairs, the dark Cloud by little and little vaniſhed, when they could plainly ſee the treacherous Knight with his Necromancer, and divers mighty Giants ſtanding on the Battlements of the Caſtle, whom they challenged to come down and fight it out in the Court-yard with Brands of Cowards, and many reproachful Words, eſpecially to *Leoger*, the Wicked of ſo much Miſchief, which he anſwered with a fierce and threatning Reply, ſending down twelve Giants to kill them, or take them Priſo-

ners; ſo that between them happened a dreadful Combat of many Hours: But ſuch was the Knights good Luck, that the Giants in the End were all ſlain or diſabled, which made *Leoger* ſtorm

orm exceedingly, and had thrown himself ver the Battlements for Grief, had not the Necromancer persuaded him, that his Art hould accomplish what Strength had failed to lo. Whereupon he fell to his Conjuration with horrid Muttering, and thereby framed an iry Spirit in the Shape of a beautious Woman, who leaning in a melancholy Posture on her land, within an Iron-grate, seemed to make great Lamentations, whilst Tears flowed in bundance from her Eyes; but when they approached to demand the Cause of her Sorrow, he drew back, and another appeared Tall and Magestick, clad in golden Armor, with a silver pear, a Bow and Quiver of Gold, her Hair anging loosly under a Helmet of Silver, set with precious Stones; but whilst they were dmiring what stately Dame it should be, they received several mighty Blows on their Shoulders, when turning to see from whom they came, they perceived the Appearance of five or six Knights running into the Castle, at a little Wicket, where thinking to revenge their Cowardice, and that they might enter Pell-mell with them: The Champions pursued in great haste, but no sooner entered, e're altogether they fell through a Trap-Door, into a wide dark Dungeon, paved with dead Mens Bones.

This base Surprize extreamly vexed them, but it was in Vain, for it being exceeding deep, and the Trap-door by which they fell, they found themselves at the Mercy of a cruel Enemy, yet with undaunted Hearts, they stood upon their Guard; yet searching about if there might

by

by Chance no other Door or Place be found, by which they might recover their Liberty; by a glimmering Light that came through a Crevi of the Wall, they eſpyed a ſtately Bed, upon which Six of the Champions no ſooner ſa to reſt their weary Limbs, after their long Toil, but they fell into a ſound Sleep: Such was the Inchantment of that Bed, that St. *George* who eſcaped the Snare, could by no Means awake them, though he laboured all he could to do it. In the mean while the Magician deſcend'd in an ugly and affrighting Shape, which would have terrified any other Man; his Hair being turned into hiſſing Snakes, and his Mouth vomiting Flame, threatning him with miſerable Death and Deſtruction, as he might find by the Bones ſcattered in the Place, many had been ſerved; but notwithſtanding theſe Menaces, his undaunted Courage failed not, for had not the Conjurer vaniſhed away, he had at a mighty Blow taken off his Head.

One Monſter was no ſooner gone, but another terrible one aroſe out of a Fountain, at the other End of the Cave, in the Shape of a Monſtrous Dragon, with whom he had a fierce Combat, till piercing his ſpeckled Belly with his Sword, it, with a terrible Yell that made the Dungeon tremble, yielded up it's Breath: and after that he had no Diſturbance, but the Grief to ſee himſelf confined, and his Companions ſo Inchanted; in which deplorable Condition, I muſt leave him for a Time, and return to his three Sons, who came in ſearch for him.

CHAP.

The Renowned and Famous

HISTORY OF St. GEORGE's Three SONS,

Guy, David, and Alexander.

The Third Part.

CHAP. I.

How the three Sons of St. George, *going in Quest of their Father, and the six other Champions; arrived at* Sicily, *where they destroyed a heidous Monster, which had devoured above five hundred Men. How they discomfited an Army of* Thracians, *and took their King Prisoner, killing two Monstrous Giants, and releasing the King of* Thessaly *out of the Inchanted Castle, and breaking the Inchantment, the Castle instantly vanished.*

IN pursuance of their Design, St. *George's* three Sons, being more inclined to follow the Camp of *Mars*, than the Courts of *Venus*, resolved to pursue knightly Adventures

in Foreign Lands, and to find out their Father, and the reſt; and being furniſhed with all Neceſſaries for their Voyage, they went Aboard a *Sicilian* Veſſel, and in a ſhort Time arrived at that famous Iſland, and travelling up into the Country, they found a great Number of Towns and ſtately Palaces, without Man, Woman or Child within them, which made 'em Conjecture that ſome deſolating Peſtilence had ſwept away the Inhabitants; and for fear of Infection, they rather choſe to take their Lodging in the open Fields, having the green Earth for their Bed, and the ſtarry Sky for their Canopy, where they repoſed as ſweetly as if they had lain upon a Bed of down: The Morning approaching, and the glorious Lamp of Heaven beginning to enlighten the Heaven, they were ſurprized with ſuch an horrible Noiſe, that it ſeemed to rend the Rocks in ſunder, which made the young Knights buckle on their Armor, and ſtand in their own Defence, which was a neceſſary Precaution, ſince ſoon after they perceived a horrible deformed Monſter to approach them, of a vaſt Height, and dreadful Shape, with Claws like an Eagle, and Eyes like a flaming Fire, the Earth ſeeming to tremble with his Weight, and appearing like a Mountain, which ſo affrighted their Horſes, they could hardly govern them.

These three valiant Knights who were True Sons of their renowned Father's, were nothing appal'd at this horrible Sight; Sir *Guy* the Eldeſt, Firſt approach'd this dreadful Monſter

whose Scales being as hard as Brass, his Spear was shivered into an hundred Pieces, so that he was obliged to assault him with his sharp Simitar, but the Monster raising himself on a sudden, seized upon the Arm of *Guy*, with his dreadful Claws, so that notwithstanding his Armor, the Knight could hardly have disengaged himself, had not his Brother, Sir *David*,

suddenly come into his Rescue; Sir *Alexander* at the same Time, gave such a terrible Blow on the Head of the Monster, that it made him stagger, but at the same Instant, so intangled himself in the Legs of Sir *Alexander*'s Horse, that he threw his Master to the Ground, which the Monster observing, was just ready to fall upon him, and destroy him, had not the valiant, Sir *David* prevented it, by giving him such a furious

Blow on the Breaſt, that he fell backward, though the Sword was not able to pierce his tough Skin; upon which Sir *Guy* diſmounting, thruſt the Sword down the Monſter's Throat, whoſe Teeth were ſo ſharp, that he bit the Blade aſunder, ode half continuing in his Throat, which cauſed him to ſend forth a moſt hedious Cry like Thunder; but having received his Deaths Wound, in a ſhort Time he expired, to the great Joy of the Victors; his Body being ten Yards in length, from Head to Tail, and his Carcaſs twenty hundred Weight, his Claws being anſwerable, and the Scales on his Body almoſt impenitrable.

Theſe young Champions after Thanks to the immortal Powers for their Succeſſs, left the nauſeous Carcaſs of this foul Monſter on the Ground, and proceeded farther up into the Country in Hopes to meet with ſome of thoſe affrighted Inhabitants, who had deſerted their Houſes for fear of this devouring Monſter, and to get ſome refreſhment afttr this hazardous Encounter, and at length came to a loneſome Vally, where they perceived a Smoke to iſſue out of a Cave, or little Sell under Ground, and approaching thereto, an aged Hermit appeared at the Door, clothed in a long Freiz-garment, his white Hairs, and his meager Countenance diſcovering a Mind over-whelmed with Grief; the Knights ſaluted him very kindly, and deſired him to give them an Account how all the Country they had paſſed through was deſtitute of People. The Hermit perceiving

ving they were Strangers who seemed to be inclined to warlike Atchievments, and defied all Dangers, he courteously invited them into his Cottage, and finding by their Discourse, that they could meet with no Sustenance in their Travels to that Place, desired them to repose themselves a while, and afterward partake of the Viands his Hermitage afforded, which kind Offer, they with many Thanks accepted of; after which he gave them the following Relation.

Sir Knights, said he, for so by your Deportment, and martial Accontrement, you seem to be; be it known unto you that the Country wherein you now are, is called *Sicily*, an Island formerly abounding with all Things both for Necessity and Delight, and was counted the Granary of the World, and would still continue so, if the Natives durst manure the same, but now our Streets which use to be crowded with Inhabitants, are abandoned and destitute of People, by reason of a dreadful Monster, which lately appeared upon our Coasts, and lives both in Water and upon Land; he was first perceived by some of our Herdsmen, that saw him sporting upon the Waves of the Sea, who soon spying them, made instantly to the Shore, upon which they betook themselves to Flight, but their haste could not secure them, for the Monster being swift of Foot, overtook and seized upon some of the hindermost of them, whom he soon swallowed up in his infernal Paunch, and finding the Sweetness of Hu-

man Flesh, he delights more in devouring Men than Beasts, and hath thereby destroyed near five hundred of Persons, being sent from Hell to punish Mankind; the People call him *Mongo*, and are so affrighted at his dreadful Cruelty, that they have left all their Lands and Habitations, and made the Country desolate, there being no Champion so valiant as to dare to assault him; so that he ruins all the Island without any Opposition; thus, most couragious Knights, you have the true Cause of the Desolation of which you have been Eye-witnesses, and from which we have no Hopes of Deliverance, till some redoubted Knights shall undertake this perilous Adventure, from which our King hath promised considerable Rewards to encourage such an honourable Atchievement, which besides the great Benefit of our Country, will be a Blessing to all Mankind, in freeing them from so dreadful an Enemy.

The Hermit ended his Discourse with a deep Sigh, when Sir *Guy* the valiant Knight, and eldest Son of St. *George*, answered him thus, with a smiling Countenance: Father, said he, if this be the Cause of all your Sorrow, to ease you thereof, I do here assure you that the Stars have been propitious to *Sicily*, and delivered you from all your Miseries, for by the victorious Arms of me, and my two Brothers, this monstrous Beast *Mongo*, is slain and destroyed; the Hermit was so over-joyed at the News, that his Spirits were almost suffocated with the Extasy which it brought him into; being some-

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what recovered, What Thanks, ſaith he, can we render to Heaven and you, for your unmatched Manhood, and fortunate Succeſs.

As they were thus diſcourſing, an Herald at Arms in his Coat of Armor, attended with four Knights in Mourning, paſſed by, who was ſent

by the King to proclaim in all Foreign Realms, That if any Knight would be ſo adventurous, as to encounter with this miſchievous Monſter *Mongo*, he ſhould be made a Peer of the Kingdom, and be preſented with a Golden Helmet, as a Recompence of his Valour: The three young Champions being acquainted with his Meſſage, they told him, That his Search was now at an End, ſince *Mongo* was already deſtroyed; and one of the Knights returning with

these glad Tydings to the King, the rest went with the three young Knights to view the Carcass of this horrid Creature; and were then invited by the Herald, to wait upon the King at *Syracuse*, where he kept his Court; so taking leave of the Hermit, they proceeded toward the City.

The King upon the Account given him by the Messenger of this glorious Action, ordered all the Bells to ring, and Bonefires to be made for Joy; and the King attended by a numerous Train of Nobles, in a Chariot with Pillars of Silver, and lined with carnation Velvet, and a very great Appearance of other Lords, and Gentlemen came to meet them, and when they arrived, he courteously embraced them; and after some Complements had passed, he took them into his Coach, and so entred Triumphantly into the Palace, and were received with all Demonstrations of Kindness by the Queen, and her deautiful Daughters, who excelled the rest of the *Sicilian* Ladies, as well in Charms, as Dignity; and the same Evening, the King appointed a great Dancing, and the three Knights took out each of them one of the Princesses, and all Things were managed with the greatest Mirth, Gallantry, and Contentment in the World.

The Night being far spent in Pleasure and Jollity, they all retired to their Beds; but no sooner did the glowing *East* display her Colours, and the Sun guilded the Horizon with golden Colours, when the Shrill Noise of a silver

ver Trumpet sounding at the Palace-gates, raised them from their pleasant Slumbers, to know the Meaning of it, and were soon acquainted, That it was a *Thessalian* Knight, attended by a Trumpeter and an Esquire, who came with a Message to the *Sicilian* King, who having Audience acquainted his Majesty; that his coming thither was to implore his Assistance in Behalf of the distressed Country of *Thessaly*, oppressed by the Tyranny of the King of *Thrace*, who being given over to all Licentiousness and degenerating from the Royalty of a Prince, desired of the King of *Thessaly* that he might marry *Cornelia*, his only Daughter, but both she and her Father rejecting his Request with Indignation, he resolved to obtain to Force, what he could not procure by Favour, and instantly raising a puissant Army, waich we were unprovided to oppose: The King thinking himself secure by the mutual League of Peace they had entered into, so that the *Thessalian* Troops soon over-run a great Part of the Country, reducing the principal Forts and Castles, and destroying all before them. The King of *Thessaly* raised all the Strength he was able, to stop the Fury of this perjured Conqueror; who had a Giant of a terrible Shape and Stature, and the Strength of Ten ordinary Men, whose Name was *Cubre*, wearing a Coat of Mail, and a Suit of Armor of two hundred Pound Weight, fighting always a Foot, no Horse being able to bear him; and the King of *Thessaly* running against him with his Lance, it shivered into a Thousand Pieces,

nor could his Sword avail him, againſt the Giants Armor, although he attackt him ſo vigorouſly, that the Sparks of the Fire flew from it; who ſo little regarded his impotent Attacks, that perceiving him to be the *Theſſalian* King, who was almoſt tired with long Fighting, he claſpt his Arms about him, and carried both Horſe and Man together into his Tent, and

from thence the Giant conveyed him into his Caſtle, which is very ſtrong, and he having an Aſſociate, who underſtands the Black Art, the *Theſſalians* much doubt whether they ſhall ever recover their King again; after this Misfortune, the *Theſſalians* fled, and diſperſed themſelves about the Country for their own Safety. The victorious King of *Thrace* marched

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thence with his Army, to the City of *Larissa*, wherein was the peerless and beautiful *Cornelia*, and which he has now so straitly besieged, that without speedy Aid, it is in Danger to be Lost: Our Nobles and Commons do therefore humbly beg your Majesty's Assistance, to save their bleeding Country from utter Destruction.

This lamentable Complaint, raised Pity and Compassion in all that heard it, but fired our three *English* Hero's with Indignation, who being obliged by their Vow of Knighthood, to relieve all distressed Princes and Ladies, resolved to venture their Lives, and most precious Blood, in Defending the Cause of the Prince, and his most virtuous Daughter; and the King of *Sicily* promising them his utmost Assistance, they speedily raised a considerable Army, and though the dreadful Strength of the Giant *Codro*, struck Terror into some of their Hearts, yet the Presence and Encouragement of the three valiant Knights, made the rest defie all Dangers, and with an undaunted Courage, to undertake this perilous Adventure with them.

The Captains and Officers made such an Expedition, that in twenty Days, they Mustred an Army of twenty Thousand Men, all which were compleatly armed out of the Royal Armory; to the three Brothers, the King gave each of them a silver Helmet, inlayed with Gold and precious Stones, as a Reward for their conquering the Monster *Mongo*. They then marcht into the pleasant Plains of *Thessaly*, and marched toward the City of *Larissa*, wherein *Cornelia* was,

was, and Sir *Alexander* being ſent before with a choice Party, to give them an Alarm to the *Thracians*, and about Midnight came in Sight of the Town, and having held a Coreſpondance with ſome of the Citizens, it was agreed by *Alexander*, That when he ſhould appear, which he would give them Notice of by holding up a blazing Torch, they ſhould then make a Salley

out of one of the Gates, and fall upon the Enemy, whilſt he with his Forces attackt them in the Rear: This ſucceeded accordingly, for being thus ſurrounded by their Foes, they fell into a woful Confuſion, and *Alexander* with his Men, deſtroyed Multitudes of them, cutting down all before them, till they came to the Royal Pavilion, where the King of *Thrace* was in Perſon, who not apprehending any Danger at that

that Time of the Night, was aſleep in his Tent, but being awakened by the Noiſe of the Soldiers, he ſuddenly ſtarted up, but before he could put on his Armor, *Alexander* entered his Tent, and took him Priſoner. This utterly diſcouraged the *Thracians*, ſo that nothing but Blood and Slaughter purſued them, and nothing was heard but the Cries and Lamentations of wounded and dying Men, and Death appeared in ſo many horrid Shapes, that the Sight thereof was enough to pierce the moſt unrelenting Heart.

By this Time Sir *Guy* and Sir *David*, arrived with the reſt of the Forces, where they found an abſolute Victory obtained to their Hands, and ſo the whole Army marcht together into the City, and Sir *Alexander* preſented his royal Priſoner to *Cornelia*, ſhe was ready to receive them, making all due Acknowledgments to the three Brothers, but eſpecially to Sir *Alexander*, for his Magnanimity and martial Conduct, in reſcuing her and the Kingdom, from ſo implacable an Enemy. Then with ſuch a wrathful Countenance, as ſo lovely a Beauty would admit, ſhe turn'd to the *Thracian* King; As for you Sir, ſaid ſhe, the Cauſe of all the Miſchief, methinks you took a ſtrange Way of Wooing, whereby you could have little Hopes of ſpeeding? And ſince Fortune has now delivered you up into our Hands, not as a Lover, but an Enemy, you muſt not take it ill if we ſecure your Perſon, till we hear how our royal Father is treated by thoſe who belong to you: He was

then

then committed to the Custody of the Marshal, she allowing him all Accommodations proper for a King: She then invited the three Brothers, and the principal Commanders, into the Royal Apartment, where they were treated with Store of *Greek* Wine, and a Magnificent Banquet, and the rest of the Army were nobly Feasted by the joyful Citizens, who had delivered them from Plunder and Slavery. These joyful Entertainments could not divert the Thoughts of the dutiful *Cornelia*, from taking Care of the Redemption of her dear Father, and therefore dispatcht a Messenger to the Giant, at his Castle in the Inchanted Island, with an Offer to exchange the *Thracian* King for him; which if it should be denied, to make the utmost Enquiry possible of the State of the King's Health, and to use all manner of Means to inform him how Matters stood, and that she was resolved to use the utmost of her Power, for his Deliverance.

The Necromancer *Codro*, who lived with the Giant *Logos*, knowing by his Magic-spells, that the *Thracian* King's Army had received a total Overthrow, and himself taken Prisoner, and that the victorious *Sicilians* were marching with a great Army into *Thrace*, commanded by three valiant young Champions, he acquainted the Giant therewith, who thereupon, sending for his two Brothers *Godolpho* the Stout, and *Kilmano* the Cruel, to come to his Assistance; Count *Bruno*, the King of *Thrace*'s Deputy, soon raised a potent Army of fifty thousand Men, and the *Sicilians*, and the *Thessalians*, being about forty

Thousand,

Thouſand, reſolved to attack them, and both Armies engaging, Sir *David*, who had the Honour that Day to lead the Vanguard, aſſailed Count *Bruno* with ſuch Force, that with his Lance he run him quite through the Body, ſo that he fell Dead on the Ground; whereupon the *Thracians* began to give back, but the two Giants coming in with freſh Forces, the Combate began afreſh, and Sir *Guy*, whom at the

firſt Sight the Giant *Godulpho* ſcorned and contemned, found an Opportunity to give him ſuch a Blow on the Head with his truſty Sword, that had not his Helmet been of approved Metal, he had cleft him down in the Middle; however, it made him Stagger, but recovering, he lifted up his maſſy Club, and miſſing Sir *Guy*, ſtruck

ſtruck it ſo deep in the Earth, that Sir *Guy* alighting nimbly from his Horſe, deſigned to have cut off his Head, when *Kilmano* the other Giant, coming into his Aſſiſtance, was encountred by Sir *David*, who skilfully avoiding the furious Strokes of the Giant, he found he had a valiant Enemy to deal withal; *Godolpho* the Stout, having ſomewhat recovered his laſt Blow, came to joyn his Brother *Kilmano*, whom Sir *Guy* undertook to engage.

While theſe Four were buſied in fighting, Sir *Alexander* made ſuch Havock among the *Thracians*, that they began to fly; the two Giants ſeeing their Army in ſuch a running Poſture ran alſo for Company, being hotly purſued by the three Brothers, with the loſs of great Numbers of their Men; but *Logos* the Giant, who kept the Inchanted Caſtle, hearing how the others fared, came in with more Forces, which the wearied *Sicilians* being not able to withſtand, retired; and the *Thracians* ſecured themſelves in the Inchanted Caſtle. The Lady *Cornelia* having heard no News of the Meſſenger ſhe ſent to her Father, was very glad to underſtand that the three young Knights were reſolved to aſſault the ſame, and releaſe him; and the Army having ſufficiently refreſhed themſelves, marched up to the Caſtle, without any Oppoſition, till they came to the Gate, on the Top of which ſtood two Giants, with maſſy Stones in their Hands, to tumble on the Heads of thoſe that ſhould attempt to ſcale the Walls; but the Necromancer finding all his Charms were

now

now at an End, would not ſuffer them to throw down the Stones, in Hope to find Mercy from the Conquerors; Sir *Guy* firſt entered the Caſtle, but was ſoon encountred by a dreadful Griffin, who was ſo brſkly attaked by the young *Knight*, that he deeply wounded him, and inſtantly a Noiſe like Thunder was heard out of the Ground, and he apprehended ſome rerrible Encounter, but nothing following, *Alexander* proceeding farther in, a dreadful burning Dragon came flying againſt him, which ſtruck

him with ſuch Violence, that he could hardly ſtand on his Legs, but having drawn his Sword, the Dragon ſoon vaniſhed out of Sight; but ſuch a Noiſe enſued, that the very Foundation of the Caſtle ſhook, and the Walls began to totter; the undaunted Knight, Sir *David*, reſolving

ving to view all the Avenues of the Caſtle, hi
Paſſage was ſtopt by an *Hippotamus*, or *Sagitary*
being half Man, half Horſe, and there ſoon be
gan a dreadful Combat between them, but Si
David at length curting off one of the Monſter's
Legs, the Heavens ſeemed to be rent in ſunder
by dreadful Claps of Thunder, and Flaſhes of
Lightning, the Earth quaked, and the terrible
Yells and Groans of infernal Spirits were heard,
which were followed with an horrible ſtinking
Smoke, and all of a ſudden the Inchanted Caſtle
diſappeared; the two Giants who appeared ſo
dreadful upon the Caſtle-gate, fell down now
on their Knees to the three Brothers, begging
for Mercy, and the Necromancer was forced to
ſurrender his curſed Carcaſs to the Conqueror,
who cut off his Head.

The *Theſſalian* King, who had ſlept from the
Time he was brought thither, the Inchantment
being ended, now awaked, wondring at what
had happened, not knowing whither he was in
the Hands of Friends or Foes, as alſo the Meſ
ſenger which *Cornelia* ſent, who was laid aſleep
like the King; with them alſo awaked many
others, who by the Necromancer's Charms were
caſt into a laſting Sleep, by coming within the
Compaſs of the Caſtle. The three Brothers
then made diligent Search to find out the King
of *Theſſaly*, and having diſcovered him, they
entertained him with all the Reſpect due to
his Royal Dignity, and afterward conducted
him to his own City of *Lariſſa*, where the Prin
ceſs *Cornelia* reſided, who in all dutiful Manner
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welcomed Home her Royal Father, and entertained the noble Champions with all Expressions of Love and Affection; they spent several Days there, in all the Delights that Art and Cost could invent; and a general Joy ran through the whole Island, for the Restauration of their Royal Sovereign; the three Brothers now took their Leaves of the King and the Princess, and in Pursuance of their Resolution to travel through all Lands, to find out their Father, and his six Champions; they went out of *Italy* into *Greece*, where they met with very notable Adventures, as you will find in the following Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

How St. George's *three Sons found the Queen of* Armenia *dying, through the Treachery of the Knight of the Black Caſtle: How with her Daughter* Roſanna, *they travelled thither, to revenge her Injury, ending the Inchantment, and releaſing the ſeven Champions; with other Matters.*

THE three young Knights being ſtill upon the Enquiry, and hearing no News of their Father, nor the other Champions, concluded ſome Miſhap that had befallen; wherefore coming to a black Pavillion, which they found deſerted, they track'd the Feet from thence in the Sand, with Drops of Blood, and ſcattered Hair, till coming into a Thicket, they heard a Lady wofully complain againſt the Knight of the black Caſtle; whom they no ſooner approached, but they underſtood ſhe had been Queen of *Armenia*, but was baniſhed by her Subjects for imprudently ſhaming herſelf, by yielding to the Embraces of that falſe Knight, who had forſaken her big with Child; ſo that ſhe was delivered of a beautious Daughter in the Woods, when then ſtood bemoaning her, having lived with her in theſe unfrequented Places, till ſhe was fifteen Years of Age: And though the young Knights having heard her mournful Story, and how her diſloyal Lover had cruelly ſerved the Shepherd's Daughters, as has been ſaid; and comforted her all they could; yet having charged her Daughter to

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ſevere Revenge, and given her a Letter to her ingrateful Knight, ſhe breathed her Laſt in ſuch Complaints, as drew Tears from all their Eyes; and after they had buried the Queen, and writ a mournful Epitaph on the Rhind of a Bay-tree, they accompanied the young Lady to the Black Caſtle, to revenge at full this great Injury.

They no ſooner approached it, but a Monſtrous Saytor came againſt them with a mighty Club, endeavouring to ſtop their Paſſage; but

after a ſharp Encounter, deeply wounding him, he fled bellowing away; after which, in a little time, they arrived at the Caſtle-gate; when

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Roſana, for ſo was the Lady's Name, by reaſon ſhe had a Roſe naturally on her Breaſt, eſpyed her wicked Father, and the Magician, looking over the Battlements, contriving to prepare for their Deſtruction, which ſhe advertized them; however, they blew the Trumpet, and immediately, as before, the Draw-bridge fell down, and the Gates opened of their own accord; then without much Diſturbance, coming to a Pillar of Jaſper, they found this Inſcription:

Whilſt here ſeven fatal Lamps burn bright,
This Place can never yield to Knight:
But they extinguiſh'd by a Fountain near,
By her, who does a Roſe on her Breaſt bear,
The ſtrange Inchantment then will diſappear.

Having read this, they purſued a monſtrous Giant into a great Hall, where the fatal Lamps were burning; and after a fierce Combat, to defend them, ſlew him; but in vain they tryed to extinguiſh the Magick, when remembring the Inſcription, they ſearched about for the Fountain, which at laſt they found in a low Vault, covered with Miſts and Darkneſs: *Roſana* being ſtill with them, but when they approached the Water, which they were directed to, by a kind of a ſinging or bubling Noiſe; they were mightily oppoſed by Giants, Monſters, and Furies, eſpecially a monſtrous Griffin, who gave them many furious Blows, and put them back by main Force; the Water of it ſelf,

elf, as they went to reach it, gliding from them, ſo that *Roſana* taking Courage, ſnatched up one of their Shields, which was beaten to the Ground by the Griffin, ſtepped to the Fountain, and with Eaſe, took off the Waters, wherewith ſhe ran and extinguiſhed the Lamps: Whereupon mighty Thunders and Lightnings inſued with Cries and Yells of helliſh Fiends, which made the impriſoned Champions rouſe from their Sleep, when inſtead of a Dungeon, they found themſelves in a ſpacious Parlor.

Leoger being near diſtracted to find his Inchantment finiſh'd; however, not willing to fall into the Hands of his revenging Enemies, he ſecretly fled on a ſwift Horſe; and the Conjurer took his Way on winged Spirits, through the Air in a Chariot; then the Knights embraced each other, and great Joy inſued, ſo that all that Day they feaſted royally on the great abundance of Plenty they found in the Caſtle, and at Night betook them to their Repoſe, when St. *George* lying alone in an inward Chamber, had no ſooner lain down and ſhut his Eyes, but he was wakened with a doleful Cry, of,

O thou moſt valiant Knight, what doſt thou here,
Where nought but horrid Miſchiefs do appear.

Upon this, looking about, he eſpyed the Shape of a beautious Woman in Tears, who beckoned him to follow her, which with his Sword in his Hand, he did, till he came through many

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lonely Places, to a Tomb, whereon he perceiv'd a grave old Man, but much wasted with Leanness, lye upon it tormented by Flames that issued from under it, and in a desperate Manner he lay roaring, as not able to stir fgom the Place. Whilst the Champion was wondering at this strange Inchantment, and who the Party should be, the Woman that had called him thither, came out of the Tomb, and with Tears besought him, with his Sword to strike three Times on the Tomb with his Sword, and the Inchantment would be dissolved; which at first he refused, but finding they were mortal Creatutes, brought to that Misery by wicked Art, he complyed and immediately they were releasd from their Torments. Then at his Request, the Lady told him a tragical Story, how the Man he delivered, was the King of *Babylon*, and herself formerly a Waiting-woman to the fair *Angelica*, his Daughter, whom he had killed with hit Sword, for going away from him with the Necromancer, had inchanted this Castle, and because she being with her, was not able to prevent the bloody Fact, the Conjaror in a Rage, by the Power of his Art, had doomed her to bear a Punishment with the Murderer: And now though the noble Champion could not excuse the Conjurer for thus Punishing the King for his rash Act, yet he much blamed him for dipping his Hrnds in Virgin's Blood, especially that of his own Child; but being told he had repented it in Tears of Blood, and suffering a voluntary Banishment in Woods and

Groves,

Groves, at hard diet for many Years, till compelled hither by Spells; he took pity on his aged Tears, and vowed to see him reseated in his Throne, which in his Absence was usurped by another; and so the Champions sending for the Shepherd, whose Daughters the Knight of the Castle had destroyed, they as some Recompence, put him in full Possession of it, till they could be better revenged on his Behalf: They all agreed to go with St. *George* to *Babylon*, except *Rosana*, who remembring her Mother's Commands, was resolved to go in search of her wicked Father, and so arming herself like an *Amazon* Queen, with silver Armour, a Javeling in her Hand, and a Sword hanging by her Side, she mounted on a gallant Steed, presented her by St. *George*, and parting at the Bridge, took their respective Ways.

CHAP. III.

How Rosana *went armed to seek her treacherous Father; in what deplorable Condition she found him, and of his miserable Death: The Combat she had with the Inchanter about his Armor, and how she killed herself over her Parents Grave; of the further Adventures of the Champions, and how St.* George *fell in love with a Nun, &c.*

THe fair and sorrowful *Rosana* departing from them, rid through many a Desart, when coming to a Forest side, the Sun being scorching hot, she went among the heat of the Trees to shelter from the heat of the Day, and see if she could find a Fountain for Refreshment.

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She had not far entered before her Ears were saluted with grievous Complaints and Lamentations, the Voice often mentioning the Queen of *Armenia*, which made her more attentive to know from whom it proceeded, and by other Discourse, and penitent Sighs, she found it could be no other than *Leoger* her Father; yet his mighty Sorrow expressed for the Injury he had done her Mother, made her relent, and turned her Fury into Compassion; yet coming into Sight, without telling what Relation she was to him, she gave him the Queen's Letter, which mournful Lines written in her Blood, he had no sooner read, and finding at the Close, she commanded him to hasten to her in the other World: But he cryed out, Injured Queen, whom I so basely wronged at last, thou art obeyed;

And if our Souls can meet, and know Above,
I'll fold thee ever in my Arms of Love:
Whilst this Attones for Mischief I did here,
And sets my Soul free to attend thee there.

Hereupon, which made *Resana* tremble and look Pale, he plunged his Dagger into his Breast: This caused so natural an Affection in the fair Lady, that she melted into a Flood of Tears, labouring to stop the Blood that issued from his Wound; and whilst his Senses lasted, made herself known to him, that she was his Daughter: whereat, casting his Eyes on her, he bewailed her, being left in Danger, and Sor-

rowing for her Misfortune more than his own; yielded up his Breath, leaving her bathing his Face with Tears. When ſhe was a little come to herſelf again, taking Courage, ſhe covered his dead Body with Moſs, and hung up his Armor in a Pine-tree, which ſhe reſolved to watch, till ſome courteous Knight coming by, ſhould help her, to convey her Father's Body, as he deſired, to be buried in his Mother's Tomb: But being tired and drouſie with long watching, the Necromancer, ſince he fled from the Caſtle, having wandered up and down in ſolitary Places, happened to come that Way, and knowing the Armor, reached it down, and put them on, at what time *Roſana* awaking, ſtarted up and drew her Sword, charging him to hang up the Armor again, or he ſhould dye for his preſumptuous Sacrilidge: But he refuſing, a deſperate Combat paſſed between them, with many violent Blows, ſo that the Necromancer's Devil, not being at hand to reſcue him, ſhe with a down-right Stroke, burſt his Helmet, and bruiſed his Head, ſo that he fell with much Effuſion of Blood to the Ground, begging Mercy, which ſhe granted, ſo he would carry her Father's dead Body to *Armenia*, and the Armor to be hung up as a Trophy over the Grave.

This he conſented to, and called up a Chariot with yoaked Spirits to convey them and it thither immediately; but whilſt he was buſy in covering up the Grave, after the Body was laid in, the beautious *Roſana*, who had all this while watered the Earth with Tears, beat-

ing her snowy Breast, fell upon her Sword, and died on her Parents Repository.

This much startled the Magician, who had heard from her Mouth before she expired, her lamentable Story; whereupon he erected a Monument over them, (having put her likewise in the same Grave with her Parents) with an Epitaph, shewing the particular Causes of their untimely Ends. And so departing in a pleasant Valley not far from thence, being grown weary of his wicked Life, he raised a Mausoleum or Tomb, by Magic of precious Stones, Gold, and many rare Devices, which opening at his Charms, he thereupon no sooner entered into it, but it closed upon him: where we leave him conversing with damned Spirits.

Whilst these Things happened, the seven Champions were arrived at *Babylon* with the King, whose Presence soon decided the Quarrel that was arisen among the Grandees, who should possess the Crown, and be restored without any Blood-shed, the Virgin that was inchanted with him, was for her Infidelity to her Mistress, married to one of the chief noble Men of the Kingdom, so that great Joy, Feasting and Triumph ensued, but all was dashed by their sudden departure; the King and the whole Court grieving thereat: So travelling through many Countries, they came to the City of *Constantinople*, where great Preparations were made for royal Sports and Pastimes, there being a vast assembly of Kings, Princes, and valiant Knights, which the Emperor had sent for, from di-

divers Countries, to please his fair Daughter *Alcinda*, who was courted by the King of *Anatolia*.

Here St *George* won immortal Fame, overthrowing Horse and Man, Knights and Giants, and all that came in his Way: so that the fair Princess began to be much enamoured of him for his Valour, and manly Proportion; but

the former Contract being made by her own Consent, Modesty and Shame restrained her from expressing her Passion, so that the Champions being highly treated, left the Court in Joy and Revels; and at the Request of St. *Anthony*, passed to *Rome*, where the Emperor having heard of their Fame, received them with a cordial Welcome, as royal Feasting, and

the Presentation of large Gifts; when viewing the Rarities of that ancient and stately City, among the beautious Nuns, who had vowed Chastity; St. *George* cast his Eyes on *Lucinda*, the Emperor's Daughter, never since the Loss of *Sabra*, had he seen so lovely a Creature in the World, and understanding she had vowed perpetual Virginity, he was sorry he had gone with the Emperor her Father, to see so Angelical a Creature, whom her Vows had barred from being enjoyed, which much perplexed his Mind; yet resolving to prosecute his Love, not knowing but her Mind might alter: So getting the Apparel of a grave Matron of Quality, he by giving Money to the Servants, got admittance into the Monastry with a Basket of curious Fruit for the Princess; and passing in that Habit for a Woman, he was not denied admittance to her Chamber, where to his Wish, finding her alone, working on curious Imbroidery; after his Present made with a low and humble Submission, he discovered who he was, and the Passion that was the Cause of his coming thither.

At this the Princess startled as one surprized, and coming to herself, told him, It was not in her Power, her Vow being passed to Heaven, to treat of Love, no further than Friendship extended to any mortal Creature.

Ah! divinest Creature, replied he, say not so, lest you destroy your devoted Servant, which neither Monsters, armed Hoasts or Inchantments, could over-come.

Truly said she, Renowned Knight, I have heard of your Fame, and dislike not your Person, were I at my own Disposse, but that can never be, having vowed unalterable Chastity, therefore never-more make any proffers of Love to me.

Have you so vowed, said the noble Champion; then you shall see fair, but cruel Prin-

cess, I can keep my Vow as sacred as you, and that is, here I vow to dye and end the Pain, and Torment of my Mind: And there withal, pulling out a glittering Dagger, with a desperate Resolution, he had pierced his manly Heart, had she not stepped in and stay'd his Hand, promising within seven Days, if he would vouchsafe to live for her Sake, rather than

than the World ſhould looſe ſo brave a Knight, to give him her Body at the Altar; and ſo with this ſuppoſed Aſſurance, and much Joy, he at that Time left her.

During this Space, the *Engliſh* Champion had made his overtures of Love known to the Emperor, who highly approved it; ſending his Commands to his Daughter, to entertain his Courtſhip, that ſhe might by ſo marrying, come into the World again, as they term it; ſhe going into that place by her own Inclination, againſt his Conſent. This much grieved the Princeſs, to find Fortune had raiſed a ſtrong Confederacy againſt her vowed Chaſtity; however, conſulting with ſome of her fellow Nuns about it, they perſuaded her, ſhe ought to ſacrifice her Life, rather than brake her Vow, which too fatally ſhe performed, by ſtabbing herſelf at the Altar, when the Prieſt was going to joyn her Hand with St. *George*'s, ſaying,

Here noble Champion of *England*, I thus deliver my ſpotleſs vowed Chaſtity, from the Power of all mortal Things; but as I promiſed my liveleſs Body, is at your Diſpoſe,

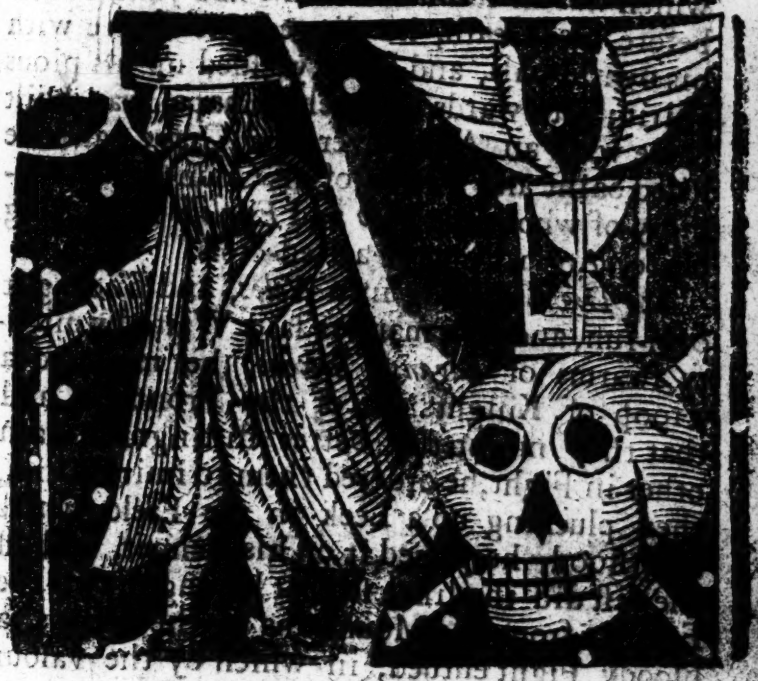
Upon this ſad and unexpected Tragedy, cauſed Floods of Tears to flow from all Eyes, whilſt the Engliſh Champion was preparing to over-flow the Pavement with Blood, by falling on his Sword, had not the reſt prevented him; ſo that falling on the dead Body, and bathing its pale Face with Tears; ſome Days after it was ſumptuouſly enterred, and a ſtately Monument, with an Epitaph over it: Such

Sorrow afflicted St. *George*, that he hasted to leave a Place so fatal to his Repose; whereupon he, and the other Champions, took leave of the afflicted Emperor and his Court; and some Miles from the City, discomforting young *Lucius*, and a Band of Knights he had gotten to revenge his Sisters Death on the Champions. They passed every one into their own Country, of whose Deeds and Deaths, there you will hear in the concluding Chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

How the seuen Champions returning to their own Country, in expectation of leading peaceable Lives, met with violent Deaths; with the manner of them, and how they came to be sainted, and called Patrons of their Country; why the Leek is worn in St. David's Day, and the Cross on St. Andrew's St. Patrick's, &c. as also of the Noble Order of the Garter, in Honour of St. George.



THese noble Champions of *Christendom*, having run a long race of Glory and Renown, at last, Years and wearinesse brought them to rest, and

and lay their Bones in their own native Lands.

The first who left this earthly Stage, was St. *Parrick*, who going up and down in Pilgrim's Weeds in *Ireland*, and betaking himself to Prayers in Woods and Desarts, at length caused him a House of Square Stone, in the Form of a Tomb to be built, out of which he never after went, though he lived three Years; but had his Victuals given him through a little Hole, which was all the Window he had; and a little before his Death, he digged his Grave with his own Nails, and there yielded up his pious Spirit; afterwards a stately Chapel was built there with an Altar over his Grave, and he stiled Saint and Patron of his Country. In Memory of whom the *Irish* and *English* inhabiting there, Annually wear a Red-cross.

St. *David* coming into *Wales*, and finding it over-run, and in a manner laid Waste by mighty swarms of *Pagans*, *Saxons*, he mustered a Troop of Knights out of the Frontiers, and that they might the better distinguish each other in Fight, he ordered them to imitate him, then plucking up a Leek in the Field where they stood, he placed it on his Helmet, and all the rest did the like, so that having drawn the Enemy, from the Mountains to the Plains, a bloody Fight ensued, in which by the valour of St. *David* and his Knights, the Enemy were slaughtered in a miserable Manner, and driven quite out of the Country; whereupon in token of the Victory, he ordered his Country Men

should

ſhould wear a Leek every firſt Day of *March*, on which the Battle was fought, and he dying ſoon after of a violent Fever he got by overheating himſelf in the Battle, was canonized a Saint, and the firſt of *March*, called St. *David's-Day*.

St. *Dennis*, the Champion of *France*, living a godly Life in his Country, and preaching up

the Chriſtian Religion, that Country being *Paganiſm*, then a Knight of the Order of St. *Michael*, ſo incenſed the King againſt him, that he deſigned to ſubvert the Ancient Religion, and ſtir up his Subjects to rebel againſt him, as cauſed him, to order him immediately to be Beheaded, without being heard, which was no ſooner done,

done, but his Accuſer, and the Executioner, with ſome others that mocked at his devout Prayers, were ſtruck dead with Lightning, which ſo terrified the King, that he and all his People renounced their heathen Gods, and turned Chriſtians. He was afterwards Sainted, and a ſtately Church built over his Monument, in which the *French* Kings are crowned and buried.

St. *James* at his coming into *Spain*, built him a Chapel, and other Conveniencies about it; and getting together ſome devout Chriſtians there, they ſung Pſalms and Hymns, and praiſ-

ed the God of Heaven for their Mercies bestowed on them, which ſo incenſed the Tyrant King of the Country, that he cauſed them to be immured or ſhut up there, ſo that they were ſtarved to Death; yet ſuch a Light and Harmo-

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ny was seen and heard in the Place after their Death, that all Men wonder'd, and God's Judgment delayed not long to fall on the King, for utterly losing his Appetite, he pined away and languished to Death. This *James* was afterward Sainted, and is stiled to this Day, *The Titular Saint of* Spain.

St. *Andrew* preaching the Gospel in *Scotland*, among the rough *Northern Highlanders*, living as a Hermit in a Cave, they fancied he was sent by the King as a Spy upon their wicked Ways, and thereupon, in a Mutiny fell upon him, dragged him from his Cave, tyed him to a Cross made of two Trees, and after having mocked him, whilst he was praying for

them, they cut off his Head, which the King, in whose Favour he highly was, hearing, went against

againſt them with armed Forces, and deſtroyed them, and their Habitations from the Earth. This St. *Andrew*, is held the Patron of *Scotland*, who wear his Croſs on his Day; he was ſoon ſainted, and a Church dedicated to him.

St. *Anthony* being at *Rome*, viewing an Ancient Chapel, found a Prophecy, that himſelf ſhould be the Patron of it; and after many great Atchievements, and noble Acts, ſhould

return and dye in it, with which he ſo far complyed with, that he continued there in Prayers and Meditations, having Proviſions and Neceſſaries brought him, till he payed Nature's Debt, at what time he was ſainted; the Place dedicated to him, and many Honours conferred upon it.

St. *George* the worthy *Engliſh* Champion, eſcaping many Dangers Abroad found an unkind Deſtiny too fatally awaited him at Home, for having a while lived a contemplative Life, intending to ſpend the reſt of his Days in Penitence. The King ſent to inform him, that a dreadful Dragon near *Dunſmore*, who had a mighty Cave for her Habitation, deſtroyed all the Country about, ſo that Men and Cattle were daily devoured; againſt this Monſter for his Country's ſafety, the Champion immediately took his Way, and in a terrible Combat, for which deliverance Bells rung, and Bonefires

throughout the Kingdom, but this to the noble Champion, was the fatalleſt of all Encounters, for the vaſt quantity of Poiſon thrown upon by the Monſtrous Beaſt; he now fighting without,

ſo

so infected his vital Spirits, that two Days after he died in his own House, having charged his Sons, who were by this time returned from seeking Adventures, to follow his Steps in Virtue, and Heroick Deeds; recommending them likewise to the King's Care, who was then present, and afterward preferred them to the chiefest Offices and Trust in his Kingdom.

St. *George* was buried in his Chapel, bearing his Name at *Windsor*, his Effigies, killing a Dragon, is given as the *English* Badge of Honour to our own Nobles; but the greatest Princes Abroad are proud to be Companions of it, or the noble Order of the Garter.

Thus weary with long Travel thro' great Deeds,
For tired Fancy there some Respite needs;
So hoping it will give you all Content,
Because how e'er 'tis took, it was well Meant.

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